VOL. 46 NO. 5
MAY 1959

Promise

Dorothy J. Roberts

The apple is but a pearly promise now
Inscribed in petals over twig and bough—

A word, revived by springtime's alchemy,
It scents the soft wind filtered through the tree.

Each blossom drawn above the wakening earth
Foretells the wonder of an apple's birth.

Spring fashions change and change again, save these
Worn each new season by the orchard trees—

This white replacing now the scentless snow;
This nest growing loud where the leaf-buds blow.

A promise is unfolding over leaf and wing
As syllables of summer climb the stems of spring.

The Cover: Brandywine Park, Wilmington, Delaware
Photograph by Fred H. Ragsdale, Free Lance Photographers Guild
Frontispiece: Apple Blossoms, Photograph by Luoma Studios
Cover Design by Evan Jensen
Cover Lithographed in full color by Deseret News Press

From Near and Far

We are delighted with the cover picture for the February *Magazine*, the inside pictures, the article by Brother Nibley, and the recipes which were used. We are grateful for the privilege of having our mission featured, and we hope others will enjoy this issue as we are enjoying it. *The Relief Society Magazine* means so much to us here in the mission. Our sisters have an added feeling of sisterhood with each contact we have.

—Lovell W. Smith
President
Central Atlantic States
Mission Relief Society
Roanoke, Virginia

I wish to express my gratitude for *The Relief Society Magazine* which was sent to me six years ago by Mrs. Leslie Burt, my daughter's mother-in-law, as a Christmas gift. I really think it is a wonderful *Magazine*, and I enjoy reading it very much. I like all the articles that are in it. I wish to congratulate all for the time and effort it must take to prepare such a good, instructive, and spiritual *Magazine*. I admire the cover for the November issue, "Plaque in the Relief Society Building," with the picture of three nice looking ladies.

—Emona Jones Tamburini
Buenos Aires, Argentina

It's peculiar, but the *Magazine* has always been *ours* in my mind. I can hardly wait for the moment to come when I can sit down and read it from cover to cover, enjoy the thoughts of other women who have the same way of life as mine. I especially enjoyed the story "Not of This Fold," by Frances C. Yost in the March issue. Since I saw her first story in the *Magazine*, I always scan the pages quickly to see whether or not she has a story in the current issue. She tells of such human situations, it seems as if you might be reading about yourself or someone in your town.

—Jere Scott
Thatcher, Arizona

So many lovely comments on our *Magazine* I have received from poet friends to whom I sent the January issue! Poets from New York City, Grand Rapids, Michigan, Los Angeles, and from the states of Minnesota, Mississippi, Iowa, etc. — one a poet laureate — have given high praise for the quality of the poems and stories, and for the scope of living and education covered by our lessons. One commented very favorably on the lesson on Jonathan Edwards and said she didn't expect to find such material in a church publication. I am happy to report these reactions, for I am proud of our *Magazine* and thankful to be represented in it.

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Salt Lake City, Utah

Reading *The Relief Society Magazine* is like finding an oasis in a desert after reading many other magazines. I think that all the prize stories and poems were especially fine this year. Mrs. Hill's "The Telling" is unique in technique. Its apparent simplicity — which is not simple at all — combined with its spiritual essence, makes it outstandingly beautiful. I don't know what I would do without the *Magazine*. I have written for it ever since "Aunt Susie Young Gates" was called to be the editor. May it continue on in its great mission.

—Grace Ingles Frost
Provo, Utah

I am grateful for the lesson on discipline "The Restraining Hand," by Elder John Farr Larson, in the November 1958 issue of the *Magazine*. It helped my husband and me better to understand the problems of our child and gave us new courage towards our goal of making a real home for our little family.

—Bessie L. Abbott
Kearns, Utah

I have taken *The Relief Society Magazine* almost ever since 1921. I have surely enjoyed reading it and hope I can continue taking it until my days are finished on earth. I do enjoy the stories and the lessons.

—Bertha G. Brown
Grants Pass, Oregon

HE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

nthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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OL. 46 MAY 1959 NO. 5

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

raham Lincoln—A Study in Adversity ..... A. Hamer Reiser 284
Eastern States Mission ..... Preston R. Nibley 290
test Announcements—1959 292
Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest 292
Relief Society Short Story Contest 293
uld You Write Poetry? ..... Sylvia Probst Young 294
at's in a Story? ..... Norma A. Wrathall 299
Right Circles 310

FICTION

isa ..... Helen M. Livingston 303
m of the Hills ..... Lydia M. Sorensen 314
Silver Leash—Chapter 5 ..... Beatrice R. Parsons 320

GENERAL FEATURES

m Near and Far 282
ty Years Ago 306
man's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 307
torial: Books—Recorders for the Ages ..... Vesta P. Crawford 308
gazine Honor Roll for 1958 ..... Marianne C. Sharp 325
es From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Hulda Parker 335
thday Congratulations 343

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

ipes From the Eastern States Mission ..... Florence S. Jacobsen 311
eds ..... Celia Luce 316
Can Sew—XV—Children's Clothing ..... Jean R. Jennings 317
ggie Richards Wood Specializes in Making Lace Tablecloths 319

POETRY

mise—Frontispiece ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 281
My Daughter ..... Camilla Woodbury Judd 298
am, Come True ..... Ida Elaine James 309
Mother ..... Elsie McKinnon Strachan 309
ndmother's Pinks ..... Maude Rubin 316
d Fishermen ..... Ethel Jacobson 319
nen Deserts Bloom in Arizona ..... Ruth H. Chadwick 334
Temple ..... Winona F. Thomas 338
ring's Golden Web ..... Grace Ingles Frost 340
n in Bloom ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 340
mple Marriage ..... Ann Barber Fletcher 343

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Abraham Lincoln

A STUDY IN ADVERSITY

A. Hamer Reiser
Assistant Secretary to the First Presidency

"CIRCUMSTANCES have made me, I have not made them." This is attributed to Abraham Lincoln as an explanation of himself.

As a creature of adverse circumstances, Abraham Lincoln and his life offer a rewarding study. It is instructive to make a tally of the successes and failures of his life, to total them, and then to strike a balance and ponder the outcome.

Another way to see him is as one wrestling with the dramatic forces of conflict inherent in his times and circumstances, to observe the preponderance of hindrances and the tardy achievement of success.

If he had been notable for moral cowardice, self-pity, or neurosis, he would have succumbed early, drowned in the deluge of adversity which constantly washed over him.

He stood, however, like a sea-battered rock, lashed by storms of hurricane force, and survived the elements of defeat.

He reduced himself to his lowest terms and has survived to the greatness of one who would "lose his life" and save it.

He wrote: "I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families — second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

"My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the same time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond readin', writin', and cipherin', to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, bu

t was all. I have not been to ool since. The little advance I have upon this store of educa-, I have picked up from time to e under the pressure of neces-.

I was raised to farm work, which ntinued till I was twenty-two. twenty-one I came to Illinois, on County. Then I got to New m, at that time in Sangamon, in Menard County, where I re-ned a year as a sort of clerk in a e. Then came the Black Hawk and I was elected a captain of nteers, a success which gave me e pleasure than any I have had e. I went the campaign, was ed, ran for the legislature the e year (1832) and was beaten— only time I ever have been beat-y the people. The next and three eeding biennial elections I was ted to the legislature. I was not ndidate afterward. During the slative period I had studied law, removed to Springfield to prac-it. In 1864 I was once elected the lower House of Congress. s not a candidate for reelection. m 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, tised law more assiduously than before. Always a Whig in poli- and generally on the Whig toral tickets, making active can-es. I was losing interest in poli- when the repeal of the Missouri promise aroused me again. What ve done since then is pretty well wn.

If any personal description of is thought desirable, it may be I am, in height, six feet four nes, nearly; lean in flesh, weigh- on an average one hundred and ty pounds; dark complexion, n coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected."

THE foregoing was written by Abraham Lincoln himself in 1859 to a friend, Jesse W. Fell, of Bloomington, Illinois, who wanted the information to promote his champion among his friends in the East. They had become curious about the homespun debater who had aroused the people during the epoch-making Lincoln-Douglas debates. Fell had told his friends: "We have two giants in Illinois; Douglas is the little Giant, and Abe Lincoln is the big one. . . ."

The debates with Stephen A. Douglas mark a convenient meridian before and after which Lincoln's life can be divided. Before the debates, observe how the tally of adversity versus good fortune appears.

His ancestry and parentage he described as "undistinguished."

At eight he was taken by his fortune-hunting, land-hungry, farmer father, into the Indiana wilderness, where he grew up, with a minimum benefit of school and without the normal amenities of children. At ten he was orphaned of a mother, and for a time was mothered by an older sister, Sarah.

In his book *Abraham Lincoln*, James Daugherty describes the lonely cabin where the sweet spirit of Nancy's love seemed to linger in the midst of a sorrow that was slow to heal. Yet, the children, without the tender ministrations of their mother went unkempt and undirected, except for the efforts of Sarah Lincoln, only fourteen years old.

Tom Lincoln, sometime after Nancy's death, left the children in the Indiana woods and returned to

Kentucky where he found a friend of his youth, Sarah Bush (Johnston) then a widow. She became the children's stepmother. Abraham Lincoln throughout his life, in simple, thoughtful ways and visits expressed his gratitude to this compassionate woman for the care she gave the forlorn children.

By 1830 the growing family was beginning to scatter. Sarah married and died in childbirth. Other Lincolns and Hanks had found fairer fields in Illinois and Tom, ever the wanderer, sought greener fields.

At twenty-one, Abraham was emancipated and on his own. He hired out to run a flatboat down the Mississippi to New Orleans for Denton Offut and later returned to be Offut's storekeeper at New Salem. It was on the flatboat voyages that Abe suffered the shock of observing the slave market where men, women, and children were bought and sold.

During the New Salem days, Abraham Lincoln's popularity grew. His friendly good humor and his seemingly natural gift as a storyteller and spinner of tall tales won him a reputation which advertised him and brought him easy and attentive audiences wherever he went. This should be counted on the "asset" or "advantage" side of the tally sheet in this battle of adversity versus advantage.

Good storytellers have a natural affinity for politics; or politics has magnetic power to attract tellers of tall tales. Abraham Lincoln's natural affection for people and his sincere interest in the well-being of his fellow men made him a natural champion of the rights and benefits of man in the arenas of law and politics.

THE story of his subduing the bully, Jack Armstrong, affords another glimpse of the force which won him respect among the hardy frontiersmen of the western wilderness.

Self-taught Abraham, now an adult, acknowledged guidance and encouragement in learning from Mentor Graham, the frontier schoolmaster; John Allen, the country doctor; Old John Berry, the revivalist preacher; Judge Bowling Green, and of Jack Kelso, Robert Burns, and William Shakespeare in about equal proportions. From such as these, Abe gleaned the rudiments of a love of learning.

Abe was defeated in the first election at which he sought an office in 1832. Offut's store failed and Abe tried storekeeping in partnership with young Berry, the minister's son. They borrowed money to buy out Bill Greene, but the business was scant and the mounting debts inexorable. Adversity drove his partner to drink and early death, and left Lincoln in debt and out of business. For fifteen years he struggled to pay off the debts of his lone venture in business.

He was appointed postmaster of New Salem and later deputy county surveyor.

In 1834 he was elected to the State Assembly of Illinois. Here he had his first contact with the boisterous buffetings of frontier politics and democracy on the loose.

The following year, legend says, Abraham Lincoln and fair-haired Ann Rutledge, daughter of James the mill owner, the tavern keeper, became engaged, but sudden, fatal illness took her away and thrust Abraham into the gloomy depths of despair.

t was in this era of his career t he began the practice of law as ior partner to Judge Stewart and 841 to Judge Stephen T. Logan. The next year, November 4, he rried the ambitious, much sought- r Mary Todd, who had vowed t she would choose for her hus- d "the one that has the best nce of being President." In 1860, nteen years later, her estimate fulfilled, when he was nomi- ed to run for the office of Presi- t of the United States. Amidst rejoicing of his friends, he said: ere is a little woman at our se who is more interested in this atch than I am." In Novem- after the election returns were he announced to her, "Mary, e elected." Joy to her; gloom sorrow for him.

le could discern the darkness of l strife by that time, and the ering storm clouds on the zon.

or one term — 1847-1849 — coln was a Representative from ois in the House of Representa- s. Mary and the family had a f taste of what life was in the ion's capital. Here he was wn into the midst of the po- al conflicts seething around the s of slavery.

is outspoken opinions on the ect brought his defeat and froze immediate political future in ois.

e returned to the practice of in Illinois. For nine years fol- ng 1849 he devoted himself to profession and built his fame as wyer, riding circuit.

he Missouri Compromise of o he thought would "lay the t" of the slavery issue until by lerate, gradual means of educa- tion and freeing the slaves by Government purchase the issue could be permanently buried.

THIS idea of "gradual emancipation" of slaves by Government purchase had evidently become a deep-seated conviction with him. Repeatedly he tried to win his supporters to the idea. In February 1865, he made one last great attempt to use the principle to avert the further disaster he could see for the country. To his cabinet he proposed that "Congress be asked to appropriate $400,000,000 to compensate the owners of slaves in such of the Southern states as should have ceased resistance by April 1," but the proposal was unanimously disapproved by the Cabinet. He was defeated again. Among his papers was found a note dated February 5, 1865: "Today these papers which explain themselves, were drawn up and submitted to the Cabinet and unanimously disapproved by them. A. Lincoln."

Twenty-one years earlier, May 1844, in Illinois, less than two years after Abe had married Mary, and while he was practicing law in Springfield, another young man in Illinois, just four years Abe's senior, was nominated by his friends for the Presidency of the United States. He had announced as one of the principles of his political faith "to rid so *free* a country of every vestige of slavery . . . and give liberty to the captive by paying the Southern gentlemen a reasonable equivalent for their property, that the whole nation might be free. . . ." In his address to the American people on that occasion, among other things, he said, "Pray Congress to pay every man a reasonable price for his slaves

out of the surplus revenue arising from the sale of public lands, and from the deduction of pay from the members of Congress" ("History of Joseph Smith," D. H. C. VI, pp. 197-209).

The great debates with Stephen A. Douglas brought Lincoln before his countrymen where he expressed in simple, clear, and forceful language the convictions of millions that the extension of slavery would cause the collapse of Government of, by, and for the people. It was the essence of the betrayal of that principle of government, he thought.

The Supreme Court decision of 1857 in the Dred Scott case, and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act projected him again into the political strife, which achieved its clearest expression in the debates with Douglas. If these debates are to be appraised as furtherances or hindrances to his career, it is well to consider that the outcome of the presidential election, though nominally a victory for him, showed that he had received 1,866,452 of the popular vote: Douglas, 1,375,157; Breckenridge, 847,953; and Bell, 590,631. Though he received a plurality, he was nearly a million votes short of a majority. He profited this time by the split in the Democratic party.

His political career to this point had been notable for defeats and now at its peak, he barely squeezed through.

Ahead rose the specter of bloody civil war with embarrassment, rebellion, calamity, and military reverses. These are the connotations of Fort Sumter, of the Battle of Bull Run of July 1861; the vacillations of General McClellan; the usurpation and premature actions of General Fremont in the West; the Trent incident, and the resulting embarrassment of making amends by the return of the Confederate envoys Mason and Slidell on the demand of Great Britain.

HE had painfully and impotently awaited inauguration in 1861, while the Union was disintegrating under the bungling and inaction of President Buchanan, who turned over to him a Government and country in the shambles of rebellion.

For four bitter, dark years the menace of the disruption of the Union haunted him and the American people. He was to taste the bitterness of defeat in the outcomes of the battle of Manassas, near Bull Run; of the campaigns of Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley; Lee in the defense of Richmond; the empty victory of Antietam; the slaughter at Fredericksburg; the shock of Lee's victory at Chancellorsville; the desperate and costly triumph at Gettysburg, and the escape of Lee, to fight again.

When the tide began to turn with the success of the Union Armies under Grant at Vicksburg, and later with the congregation of victorious Union generals at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, the stage was setting for the fall of Richmond. Yet there were tense days of awful suspense while Sherman's army assaulted Kennesaw Mountain, then marched through Georgia, disappeared for thirty-two newsless days and at last reached the sea.

Final victory at a staggering cost came with the fall of Richmond and Lee's surrender at Appomattox April 9, 1865.

Victory in sight, political conflict, bitter criticism, and opposition

lled to a loud crescendo. The tion, exhausted, spent, and desti- e, in mourning, and crushed by ravages of civil war, in the South, bored the bitterness of defeat, l in the North and everywhere, pty victory and staggering losses, ich rebellion and successful re- ance had brought. The bleeding, ely wounded Nation gasped its y painfully and slowly back to .

Abraham Lincoln had been re- minated and re-elected, this time a popular vote of 2,330,552, to Clellan's 1,835,985.

The war was over. Armed resist- e had ceased. The destruction war was everywhere, in the lives the people, in the cities, and in war-torn countryside. Grief had ited millions of homes. The bit- ness of defeat and the widespread fering had taken heavy toll. Sor- w and sacrifice had drained the ritual reserves of the people.

When President Lincoln was in- gurated the second time he pressed the spirit and purpose now ll known throughout the world, the classical statement of good ll:

> With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

In a moment of relaxation when he was about to take up the tasks of rebuilding the shattered and broken parts of the sundered Nation, an assassin took his life.

Adversity again snatched away his opportunity, but spared him the knowledge in mortality of the tragic madness which followed his Mary to her grave.

Though stalked by hardship, failure, defeat, and tragedy through the greater part of his life, with preciously meager respite in a few successes, Abraham Lincoln, the American Job, is remembered and revered throughout the world for vast patience, good will, and affection for mankind, and for monumental firmness in the right as God gave him to see the right. These everlasting qualities have survived the hatred of men, the havoc of war, and death.

THE compassionate service which Relief Society women universally render so generously and stoically must bring them constantly into situations where adversity of many kinds is suffered by the people they serve. I expect that they observe that adversity has a mellowing effect upon some people and an embittering effect upon others. The reaction of people to adversity, I have long thought, is a manifestation of spiritual maturity.

Abraham Lincoln is one of America's most eminent examples of the spiritual power required to overcome adversity. Joseph Smith is America's pre-eminent example.

I offer this as an explanation of the reason for writing about Abraham Lincoln in the somber, tragic vein of this essay. I think his life is a classic of inspiration for all of us who must at some time face adversity in some degree.

—A. HAMER REISER

The Eastern States Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

THE Eastern States Mission may be said to be the oldest mission in the Church. Shortly after the Church was organized, in April 1830, missionaries were sent out and branches were established in New York, Pennsylvania, and in the New England States. In January 1832 Orson Hyde, Samuel H. Smith, Orson Pratt, and Lyman E. Johnson were called to preach the gospel "in the eastern countries."

When the Twelve Apostles were called in 1835, they filled their first mission in the Eastern States. In 1837 a branch of the Church was established in New York City by Parley P. Pratt. In May 1839 John P. Greene was appointed by the Prophet Joseph Smith "to go to the city of New York and preside over the Saints in that place and in the regions round about."

From that time on active missionary work in the Eastern States was continued, until the coming of Johnston's Army to Utah in 1857, when all the Utah missionaries in the United States were called by President Brigham Young to return home. Then, following the Johnston's Army episode, came the great Civil War, which prolonged the crisis. In fact it was not until 1893 that a new mission president was appointed for the Eastern States, Elder Job Pingree of Ogden, who established headquarters in Brooklyn.

Courtesy Pennsylvania State Department of Commerce

DUTCH BARN "DECORATED JUST FOR FANCY"
SOUTHEAST PENNSYLVANIA

oto by Roger L. Moore
artesy New York State Department of Commerce

VIEW OF THE BATTERY FROM STATEN ISLAND FERRY
NEW YORK CITY

Since the return of President Pingree in 1895 the following brethren ve served as presidents of this mission: Samuel W. Richards, 1895-97; onzo P. Kesler, 1897-99; William H. Smart, 1899-1900; Edward H. Snow, 00-01; John G. McQuarrie, 1901-08; Ben E. Rich, 1908-13; Walter P. onson, 1913-19; George W. McCune, 1919-22; Brigham H. Roberts, 22-27; Henry H. Rolapp, 1927-28; James H. Moyle, 1928-33; Don B. lton, 1933-37; Frank Evans, 1937-40; Gustave A. Iverson, 1940-44; Roy . Doxey, 1944-48; George Q. Morris, 1948-52; Delbert G. Taylor, 1952-55; heodore C. Jacobsen, 1955-59; Gerald G. Smith, 1959—.

In 1937 the great Cumorah Pageant was inaugurated, and since that me it has become an important annual event in the Eastern States Mis-on.

In January 1959, there were 8,726 members of the Church in the astern States mission, located in fifty-five branches. There were 547 con-erts baptized during the year 1958.

Sixty-four Relief Society organizations, with 1287 members, were re-orted in December 1958. Florence S. Jacobsen is former president of he Eastern States Mission Relief Society, and Olive Lunt Smith is the esent president.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine*, "Brandywine Park, Wilmington, Delaware," reproduced from a color transparency by Fred H. Ragsdale, Free Lance Photographers uild, Inc. See also "Recipes From the Eastern States Mission," by Sister Jacobsen, age 311.

Contest Announcements—1959

CONTESTS CLOSE AUGUST 15, 1959

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the General Board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The General Board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contests study carefully the articles on story writing and poetry which appear in this *Magazine* and similar articles in the May issue 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, and in the June issue for the preceding nine years.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1959. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	$40
Second prize	$30
Third prize	$20

Prize poems will be published in the January 1960 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birthmonth of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the Relief Society General Board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poems.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:

a. That the author is a member of The

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

. That the poem (state title) is the contestant's original work.

. That it has never been published.

. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.

. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

. A writer who has received the first e for two consecutive years must wait years before she is again eligible to er the contest.

. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from English department of an educational titution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

10. *Entries must be postmarked not later than* August 15, 1959.

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

HE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1959 opens with is announcement and closes Aug- t 15, 1959.

The prizes this year will be as lows:

First prize	$75
Second prize	$60
Third prize	$50

The three prize-winning stories ll be published consecutively in e first three issues of *The Relief ciety Magazine* for 1960. Prize- nning stories become the property the Relief Society General Board id may not be published by others cept upon written permission m the General Board. The Gen- al Board reserves the right to pub- h any of the other stories entered the contest, paying for them at e time of publication at the regu- r *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the General Board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. The number of the words must appear on the first page of the manuscript. (All words should be counted, including one and two-letter words.) A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. *A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or ac-

cepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)

c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.

d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is closed.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation

b. Plot development

c. Message of the story

d. Writing style

9. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1959.*

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

Would You Write Poetry?

Sylvia Probst Young

WATCHING a setting sun streak the summer sky with crimson and gold, a friend exclaimed, "If I could put such beauty in a poem!"

"Have you ever tried?" I asked her.

"Once," she told me, "but it didn't sound right."

A good poem is never written with one trial. If you would write poetry you must know what to strive for, and then practice and practice with the technique you have gained.

To be a writer of poetry, I believe that one must first of all be a reader of it. Read the poetry of the ancient writers, the poets of the Bible, early English literature, Shakespeare's poetry and other Elizabethan masterpieces, poetry of the romantic period, the great flowering of Victorian literature, American literature, from colonial times to current poetry. Analyze the types of poems appearing in great variety in modern magazines — literary publications, women's periodicals, and Church magazines. Try to find the elements which make poetry appealing and significant — find the secrets of the art of poetry writing.

Poetry, you will find, makes many kinds of appeals, through the pictures it creates; through the feelings it stimulates; through its rhythm and sound. It is a kind of window that has power to illuminate the commonplace. It is a lifting, inspirational thing, and through reading it, many of our own thoughts are born.

The inspiration or idea for a poem comes first; it precedes everything

e; and every day brings inspira-
n for poetry writing. It is all
ound us, in the most ordinary
ngs — a baby's shoe, a favorite
ir, a child's upturned face. It is
remembered experiences, and
se of which we have read. The
oughts for a poem may come
ough emotions we have experi-
ced, and, most surely, from the
ric of imagination.

"Sometimes I have such beautiful
oughts for poems," a neighbor
ce confided. "But when I get
ie to write them down, I've for-
tten what I wanted to say."

Get your idea down on paper,
n't let it slip away, if you have to
n off the iron or even get out of
d at three A. M. Write it as it
mes to you, don't worry about the
ter or rhyme, you will come back
that.

I like to keep paper and pencil
vays with me because I never
ow just when the idea for a poem
ight be born.

After the inspiration, a poet must
nsform the raw material for a
em into a poem itself.

FIRST, let us ask, "Does the poem
I am writing have substance?"
poem should tell something. It
ould give a new light on some-
ing people already know. It must
e more than a description. It
ould reflect life. Could anyone
ssibly say after having read it,
Well, what of it?"

"Does this poem have beauty?" is
ie next thing we might ask. It
ould be beautiful in its selfless
ncerity, a clear, crystal showing of
hat has been experienced. It
ould satisfy and content the heart
the precision of its wording.

Emily Dickinson's choice of words is one of her greatest charms. And she often chooses words that have become worn to a shadow in minor verses, but she reveals them in new strength, and allows them to perform duties which the poets have not assigned to them for years. I would recommend her works for your reading.

Many times in *The Relief Society Magazine* I have found poetry that gave me heart contentment by the beauty of its wording.

Mabel Law Atkinson's "December Violets," *The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1958, is such a poem:

Love does not wait till blue wings flash
To bid the heart to sing;
Till fluting larks and swelling buds
Announce the proof of spring,

Love knows no season boundaries,
Gives lilacs in November
And gathers April violets
In crystal-cold December.

A good poem never generalizes. Mrs. Atkinson does not say "Gives flowers in November," she says "Gives *lilacs*." She does not say "fluting birds," but "fluting *larks*."

Be specific. When you say *tree* you mean *silver birch* or *oak*. It makes a significant difference whether you see in your mind's eye a *wisteria* or an *ivy* when you say *vine*.

Strength in a poem is often diminished because the author is too fond of adjectives. How overworked and trite are many of the adjectives we use day by day—*stately lily, endless eons, winning ways, azure sky, beautiful day*. These are but a few of the timeworn expressions that will brand your poem as the work of

an amateur. Try something new! Much better than *roaring stream* is *furious stream*. Better than *pale moon* is *chalk-white moon*. *Red wings of dawn* is better than *crimson dawn*.

Whenever possible substitute an adjective with a verb. Verbs give a poem strength, they put subject material into action. Choosing the right verb is very important, too. Freshness of conception makes itself known by our choice of verbs. Look at these two lines from the song, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot":

> A band of angels comin' for me,
> Comin' for to carry me home—

Leave out the verb *carry* and use *take* instead. At once you will see that *take* does not have a tenth the power that *carry* has.

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Windy Nights" is a very good example of the power of verbs in a poem.

Nouns are necessary in a poem, adjectives — sometimes. "But by their *verbs* shall ye know them."

Outdated words should never be used in a poem; they will brand it as the work of an amateur. Guard against such words as *'tis, 'twas, 'bide, o'er, yon, neath*. Your poem will gain in effectiveness if you let it speak the natural language that you and your readers understand.

IMAGERY is another means of making poetry poignant and appealing. Note the use of imagery in these lines from Vesta P. Crawford's prize - winning poem "Drought" (*The Relief Society Magazine*, January 1935.)

> And hollow like the dry and wrinkled fruit,
> I grew to be as withered as the field
> Beholding the desert that leered untamed
> After its ancient way and gave no yield.

Images are always based on memory. Ask yourself, "Of what does it make me think?"

There are three *musts* in imagery:

1. Images should be *true*, true to what most of us would feel under similar circumstances.

2. Images should be *vivid*. To make them vivid is to make them appeal to the five senses, *five* senses, not just sight alone. Give your readers not only pictures to look at, but sounds to hear, fragrance to smell, textures to touch, and even things to taste, and they will enjoy your poems with compounding interest.

How appealing to the sense of smell is this little poem by Grace Barker Wilson (*The Relief Society Magazine*, June 1951):

FRAGRANT MEMORIES

> Remembered things are poignant as today:
> The scent of violet,
> The young, green odor of a fresh cut lawn,
> Essence of mignonette;
> Elusive sweetness from the orchard trees
> When apples are in flower,
> The clean smell of a forest glade
> After a summer shower.

3. Images should also be *concrete*; no generalization is successful as an image. By using similies and metaphors, we can make our images interesting, vivid, and concrete.

THE reader's point of view is very important to the writer of poetry. Ask yourself, "How will the reader interpret this?" When you are trying for a solemn mood in the reader avoid words which have gay connotations. Many times a word which jars in a line is merely a word in the wrong place.

Repetition of pleasing vowel and nsonant sounds is an effective way attract attention to a particular rase, and provides a compelling, inting quality.

Note the repetition of sounds in se lines:

e singing of a swallow on the summer air.

ve the ruffles of the surf . . . .

ht striped urchins flay each other with sand.

But do not overuse repetition in ir poem or the mind of the reader l be carried only on the surface the sound.

Rhythm, we are told, is fundantal to all the arts. In poetry the thmical pattern consists of vari- arrangements of stressed and stressed sounds. The *meter*, or asurable rhythm of a line of etry, is characterized by a repeated ttern of stressed and unstressed nds. A stressed sound combined th either one or two unstressed nds in called a *foot*, and a deiption of a line of poetry is given terms of the basic metrical foot d number of feet in the line.

The rhythmical pattern of poetry ist be studied to be understood. ou can teach yourself this techque. Any good book on the art poetry writing (I have recomended several at the end of the icle) contains practical informan. If you are willing to study d practice, you can learn to count e feet of your poem and make it thmically patterned.

The rhyme scheme of a poem may l into any one of many patterns, m simple couplet rhyming to mplex stanzas, and a poet may try almost any pattern that seems to suit her subject material, and which harmonizes with the mood and effect she wishes to convey.

While rhyme is an important and effective embellishment of poetry, care must be exercised in the selection of rhyme words. Do not permit the rhymes to falsify the message of the poem. Be very careful of inversions, and do not use them for the purpose of achieving rhyme. When we say *meadows gay*, instead of *gay meadows*, the reader knows that we were forced to make the inversion for the sake of rhyme. Then is the time to revise. Omit the entire stanza if necessary and try another rhyme pattern, but do not use the inversion. Obvious rhyming makes a poem commonplace and uninteresting. Such rhymes as *dove* and *love*, *wing* and *sing*, *bliss* and *kiss*, have grown stale from overuse.

Many significant and enduring poems have been written without regularly recurrent rhyme, without any rhyme, and without definite metrical pattern or stanza form. Poems written "free of traditional limitations" are somewhat loosely classified as free verse. The great poet Milton (1608-1674) referred to this type of expression as "thoughts that involuntary move in harmonious numbers." Some modern poets have spoken of their "free" compositions as the "inevitable movement of emotion and meaning." Many unpatterned poems rely for their effect upon *cadence*, or phrasing within the poem. The Englishman, Matthew Arnold, wrote some of his best poems in free verse, and Walt Whitman, in America, is often cited as an example of pro-

ficiency in the wide range of free verse. Others who might be studied in this connection are: Amy Lowell, Archibald MacLeish, Conrad Aiken, T. S. Eliot, and Carl Sandburg. The Biblical Psalms, the Song of Solomon, parts of Isaiah, the magnificent chapters thirteen and fifteen from First Corinthians, and many other parts of the Bible are written in free flowing poetry of great strength and spirituality.

However, the amateur poet, who is interested in experimenting with free verse, should be sure of his background in poetry, and sure of his purpose in a particular poem. Writing free verse does not give a poet license to express his thoughts in prose and call it poetry. Free verse, in spite of its freedom, places great responsibility upon a poet, and makes demands which are less definable and perhaps less easy to attain than the well-defined requirements of traditional patterns.

If you would write poetry, you must be willing to study, to accept the disciplines it involves; to be critical of your own work; to revise and revise, until you express to the full intensity and creative rhythm that which you felt.

Never ask yourself, "Is what I've experienced important enough to write about?" Of course it is!

Poetry writing is soul satisfying, and an effective poem in print is worth all of the effort involved. Why don't you try it?

Of the books I have found helpful, I would most particularly recommend *How to Revise Your Own Poems*. It is a practical and helpful book on poetry writing. With it you can begin to teach yourself.

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To My Daughter

Camilla Woodbury Judd

I have grown old, my daughter, since you went away,
Missing the radiance of your shining hair,
Missing your face of heavenly sweetness, cameo chiseled;
Your skin like velvet flower petals,
Your laughing eyes, your lips so tender;
The saucy tilt of your nose, the little dent in your forehead;
The long expressive hands, so deft and beautiful;
Your arms about me — your rare, sweet confidence.
Missing all these so much,
My heart grows young again at your returning.

What's in a Story?

Norma A. Wrathall

WHY don't you write a story for *The Relief Society Magazine* Short Story Contest? ybe you have already started one. maybe all you need is to get ted. Let us begin with a defini-, and then consider some of the redients of the short story.

A short story has been defined as prose narrative which depicts racters in processes of struggle l complications. The narrative ally centers around a principal racter, with a special problem, inst a specific background. A minant purpose or theme should in evidence, and the effective rt story is marked by dramatic erest, involving significant human perience.

n every story, six elements are sent: setting (place); persons aracters); events (plot); idea eme); emotion; and style. I have listed them in order of their portance, for in any given story element may predominate over others. But in every story, all present to some degree.

There are three main steps in ilding the story: (1) finding the ry; (2) building the plot; and (3) veloping the narrative.

Perhaps you have noted an expresn on someone's face showing at joy, strong anger, or deep sorw. The emotion seemed so inse that you kept thinking about You wondered what could have sed anyone to feel that way. You y remember a similar feeling in rself, and recall the circumstance. You may wonder what events might have led to it, what had happened to the person to cause him to react in that way. And you have the germ of a story. Or, you may know of a series of events in which everything worked out rather smoothly, eventually turning out as planned. But you might wonder, what if something had happened to change those plans? What if, at a certain point, things had gone wrong? What then? And you would begin to have a story; you would think what the people (characters) might have done in the emergency, how each would have reacted to disappointment; what would have been the outcome. Or, you may have visited a place that fairly teemed with a story, such as a remote house; an abandoned farm; a seemingly peaceful village with an undercurrent of turmoil. Or, you may have a belief that you want to portray in dramatic action.

I have read much discussion as to whether one should begin with theme, character, or plot. It is like trying to decide the old question of the chicken or the egg? As far as we are concerned, perhaps we should begin with the element that suggested the story in the first place, and then build in the other parts.

This means that if we start with character, we decide on a certain characteristic in the person (such as truthfulness). We then portray this quality by presenting the character in incidents to which he will react to reveal this quality. If we start with plot, we have in mind a series

of significant incidents, then decide what characters would be necessary to bring to pass these events. In the same manner, one might begin with theme or setting.

We can't have a story at all without people.

IN the short story, there is room for only one leading character. This person must be in focus most of the time in the story, if not in actual fact, then by reference. He should be rounded out as much as possible by his thoughts and feelings, his reactions to certain events, his reactions to other people, his appearance, the way he moves, walks, and talks. One or two minor characters, not so fully characterized, may be used to bring out the main character. But they must always be subordinate to him. Don't have any "scene stealers" in your dramatic situations. If you do, the story will be muddled and the reader confused.

The character should be made sympathetic to the reader, so that the reader can identify himself with the story-person, and will care what happens to him. And before you can cause the reader to identify with the character, you, the writer, must identify with him yourself. You must be able to feel as he feels, think as he thinks, before you know how he will react to certain situations. Make your character natural and human. Even an evil character must be shown in such a way that the reader will think, "Well, I guess that's what I'd do, if I were that kind of person!" Everything that you write about the character must bring out the characteristic that you are trying to portray.

Here are some steps in character development:

(1) Select an outstanding characteristic and *show* (as early in the story as possible) how the character acts to portray that quality.

(2) Characterize by telling or showing the thoughts and feelings of the person.

(3) Develop character in dialogue, which includes the speech of the characters in conversation, and also what other people in the story say about the main character.

In writing dialogue, train your ear to listen to your characters speak. Speech is one of the most difficult things in writing. For if one is not careful, all the characters will be talking alike, and chances are, in the same way as the author!

(4) Appearance is important, especially so if appearance can be made to show, by comparison or contrast, the inner feelings of the person. For example: Aunt Sade's hair had always been held tightly at the sides by two brown combs. It wound into a smooth coil at the back, always in the same place, with the same thickness and smoothness. A lock had never been known to escape either of the combs and curl upon her high white forehead; it would not dare!

(5) You can individualize your character by some little trait— such as pulling at his ear while thinking.

(6) Movement is a language in itself, and sometimes shows far more than any of the other ways. Examples: Diana's bare toes skimmed over the dew-wet grass, a naughty elf fleeing from the prosaic morning ritual of getting dressed. . . . Old Ernst placed one foot ahead of the other with such calculated economy of motion that one had to watch him a moment to know if he really moved.

Remember, you cannot characterize your actor and then have done with it once and for all. You must keep on characterizing him right up to, and including, the end of the story.

Now that you have the idea for your story, and the characters

well in mind, it is time to begin on tep two, building the plot.

Don't believe it if someone tells ou that she is not interested in plot. As well try to bake a cake without a recipe, or sew a dress without a pattern. The plot is the framework of the story, the skeleton upon which is placed flesh and skin and oloring. It consists of a series of ramatic happenings, arranged in limactic order, and containing struggle or complication. The first part f the plot is the situation. It contains the *want* of the principal haracter, and the problem which eems to prevent him from getting t. This part may end with the dramatic climax (the point at which he character despairs of attaining is desire). The second part is the olution, in which the character rings about, *by his own effort or ecision*, the solving of the problem. o avoid a "forced result," it is well o have treated in the situation every actor used in the solution.

The *want* should be introduced as arly as possible in the story. It must e strongly motivated, so that the eader will be interested in knowing ow it turns out.

By *complication* is meant not nerely a series of obstacles or stumbling blocks which can be rather asily overcome. For instance, we night be writing about a young girl who is going to college. We give er a strong motive for wanting to arn her degree in June. To do so, he must get credit in French. She s not linguistic, and the subject is ard for her, but by studying late at ights, and taking many notes, she hinks she can pass. But she loses er notebook just before the test. However, she finds it again in time to "cram" for the exam. These things would hinder her, but they would not be complication.

Suppose that when the girl found her notebook at the last minute, she stayed up nearly all night to study. But she was so tired and unnerved that right in the middle of the test she began to weep and ran out of the room, thus flunking the course. So, according to the rules, she would not be allowed to graduate in June. Now, based upon what you might have shown about her, what will she do? Will she accept meekly the ruling of the committee? Or will she find some way out of the dilemma? This would be complication, because it would change the course of action, and it would involve emotional conflict in the leading character.

SOMETIMES the character may attain his original *want*, only to find that it is not what he needed or wanted after all, and a substitute goal is found. This usually grows out of, or is a variant of, the original want; it may be in the nature of a decision. Sometimes the *struggle* exists almost entirely in the mind of the character, and a decision is the outcome. But in any case, the pattern is the same: the well-defined *want;* the *complication* which seems to prevent its attainment; the *solution* to the problem.

Write out your plot in outline form, in whatever way you like. I usually write in short sentences, double-spaced typing, then go over it and see if the incidents lead logically into each other.

After I have written my outline, I often write the end of the story, rapidly, just as it comes to me, and

sometimes the first two or three paragraphs of the beginning of the story. Then, even with all the interruptions which happen to my writing, I can go back and get into the mood of it again. Each writer must decide what is the best way for her.

Now we have finished for the time being with steps one and two. We are ready for the final step, the actual writing.

Well, nearly ready. Who is to tell the story? If a character tells it, you will write in first person—the "I" story. If the author tells it, you will write in third person. Think it out in several ways.

Now write your story. *Write.* Keep going, to the end, if possible, without thinking of wording or construction or technique.

When you have finished, put the story away for several days, or even weeks. Forget it. This step is just as important as any part of the writing.

When you are ready to begin again, read it entirely through from beginning to end as if you had never seen it before.

Now you begin the real work of writing, the revision. Be sure that you have your writer's tools at hand, including your Roget's Thesaurus, a good dictionary, and a book of English grammar and composition for reference.

Ask yourself these questions about the story: (1) Would the narrative move along just as well and be just as true and interesting without *this* incident? If so, leave it out. (2) What is the purpose of each incident? Does each one carry out, or lead toward, the general purpose of the story? (3) Is each incident, and the act of each character, properly motivated? (4) Does the story have suspense and emotional appeal?

Cutting and shortening the story are also a part of revision, for you will always have to meet certain word-length requirements.

As you see, there are many things to consider. But the best way to learn to write is by writing. Read published stories, and see how our principles of the short story are carried out by the authors. Read and study good reference books and articles in writers' magazines. And be sure to keep a notebook of ideas and characterizations, scribbled in quickly as they come to mind.

Now put this article away. Write your story. You will work, and dream, and despair over it. But whatever its fate, if you have given it your best, you are a winner; for ahead of success is achievement. You have achieved something, and the result is uplifting and rewarding.

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Roget's Thesaurus, $1.90
Writer's Digest, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati 10, Ohio.

Louisa

Helen M. Livingston

THE long train of handcarts pushed on through the dusty afternoon. "Keep moving. ight miles yet to go. We'll make e Sweetwater tonight." This word ame down the line from the leader f the Enoc Company.

Louisa pushed along. The extra ack of flour from the provision agon made the pushing harder. ometimes it seemed that that extra fty pounds were right on her oulders. But she mustn't look red or Brother Thames next to her ould take the sack on his load. rother Thames was small and wiry. He had supervised linen looms and as not fitted for heavy pulling and is load was twice as big as Louisa's. He carried for a family. His wife as ill and hardly able to get herelf along, and three-year-old Melina had to sit on the load much of he time.

So the sun beat down. This was trange dry country. When a breeze ame it was not salty, nor cool, nor amp from the sea. It was dry and risp and took all the moisture out f your skin, and out of your mouth. ouisa saw buffalo tracks at the side f the trail. It might have been wet hen the huge animal walked there, ut those tracks were hard and dry ow. A scaly lizard at the side of he trail looked at her with startled, eady eyes, then slithered away in he shadscale brush. Louisa touched er hand to her face. Her own skin elt as brown and rough as the lizrd's. She pulled her big bonnet closer over her face and pinned the neck of her dress a little higher.

If only her foot would stop hurting, Louisa thought. The sturdiest shoes she could buy, too, and all out at the sides! She had come on that cactus so suddenly the other day. She had sat at the side for awhile and taken out the spines. But it still pained. It was getting worse. The heated rays of the sun shot right down through her broken shoe like sharp knives, and her whole foot was throbbing. It felt like the great wheel of the cart was turning on her foot.

Once they came to a spring; no, not a spring, just a bog. But they dug deep holes until the water oozed in, then they gathered around in groups and drank the water. Little Melinda broke loose from her father's hand. She rushed toward the water and didn't wait until she reached the hole. She just caught up a handful of black mud and thrust it into her mouth, sucking the moisture onto her dry lips and tongue.

Louisa, cupping her hands, brought water to Melinda. As it seeped through her fingers she put out her throbbing foot to catch the cool drops. But time couldn't be wasted at the spring. Soon the Enoc train was pushing on again.

"Keep your own place in your own company." Each person tried to follow the directions, but every now and then a cart would be stopped at the roadside. One cart

had a cover that fell over at the side, making a little tent. As the carts pushed past, Louisa heard the cry of a new baby. She thought of her own mother back in England. She thought of her younger brothers and sisters. She wanted to leave the line and rush into the crude tent, but she moved mechanically on, looking into the dry distance. If you walked this far in England you would come to ocean, but there were no oceans here, just desert and the far distant mountains. But she mustn't think of England. It was best her father and mother had stayed. They could come later. How her foot throbbed, but she remembered the words of the prophet, "Let them gird up their loins and walk through and nothing shall hinder them." She lifted her head higher. The load seemed lighter. Her sore foot eased.

THE afternoon wore on. Another cart was stopped at the side of the trail. It was Levi Andrus. Louisa brushed the dust from her navy alpaca and straightened her brown hair under her bonnet. Levi had danced with her the first night they had camped. "I'll have to save the axle," Levi told Brother Thames, as he fitted his only leather jacket around the axle.

"You need something to tie it, Lad. Here, take my belt."

Louisa untied the big bow under her chin and jerked off one of the ties. "Take this, as well." Her bonnet fell back from her face. Levi's quick eye saw the white skin on her forehead where her bonnet had covered. It made a pale border around the deep brown of the freckles on her nose and chin.

"Looks as if you need your bonnet held tight." But Levi didn't give the tie back. They left him tugging at his axle.

The sun dropped behind the western horizon. There was no singing along the long lines now. The tired bodies bent forward, pushing and pulling. The slow creaking of wheels continued. "No stop until we reach the Sweetwater." They kept doggedly on.

But when the sun sank the heat went, too, and a cold chill came over the plains. "There are three graves to be dug when we stop." The word came to Brother Thames, but it was passed along up and down the lines and settled with the cold evening on the company.

Word came that snow was already in the mountains. There was no time to waste. Brother Thames murmured, "May the Lord in his mercy preserve us." The words were repeated like a prayer down the line sounding much like a chant as it echoed back. "May the Lord in his mercy preserve us."

At last the handcart company could smell the Sweetwater River. Dry nostrils sniffed the damp breeze, and the train picked up speed. Shoulders lifted and pushed harder, finally a shout went up from the front.

The bank was soon lined with carts. The people were drinking and dipping their hands into the water. Many fell upon the bank not wanting to move. It was dark and the water was cold, but the sacks were removed from the feet of those whose shoes were gone and they dipped their feet in the cold water.

Louisa removed what was left of

er broken shoe. Her foot was vollen. It looked as if a fire were nside it. She washed it and sat olding it.

The carts that had lagged were ushing up into their own places. evi's cart with the leather-wrapped xle came creaking into view. He opped and dropped down by ouisa. He noticed the swollen ot. "It needs to be opened."

Brother Thames bent over, too, nd examined the swelling as if it ere a flaw in a length of lovely nen. "Best get it cared for to-ight, so you can be on it tomor-ow."

OUISA looked helpless. Levi comforted, "It's not so bad. If ne pressure is relieved it will be etter." He slipped out his sharp nife and handed it to her. She ook her head. "Would you?" she sked.

He hesitated. Then slid over to ne water. He scoured the knife in ne white sand. "Now," he said, put your foot here. Then I can't e your face, and you can't see your ot." It was done in a second. lood stained the white sand. "Do ou have something with which to rap it?" Louisa shook her head. evi took from his pocket a neat, lded, bonnet tie, and with quick, killed movements, he wrapped the ot and tied the bandage.

Many of the carts were already eing unloaded. The tired train of migrants was just getting ready for ne night when a loud call came om behind. "We will push nrough the river tonight."

Unrest filled the train. Sighs and complaints filled the air. "We've come fifteen miles today." "It's cold; we can't take icy water tonight." "Our cart is already unloaded." "It's dark; we'll slip on the rocks." "Our feet are already bleeding."

No one moved toward the water.

"How is your foot?" Levi asked. He took her broken shoe and went to his cart.

"We'll push through the water tonight," the call re-echoed from the captain.

No one moved. There was just a low cough of complaining.

Then an axle squeaked. A cart moved into the river. Then a clear, vibrant voice rose over the water. "Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor labor fear." Other carts were moved. More voices were singing. The whole company came in on the chorus, "All is well, all is well." The air vibrated. The carts were moving on through the water. The emptied ones were being filled. The last verse echoed joyously out through the valley.

The large camp fire was burning on the other side as the last carts came up the bank from the water. Steam rose from wet clothing. Camps were set for the night.

Levi brought her shoe back to Louisa. "Did your foot make it through the water?"

He called her Louesa. She corrected him. "Louisa. My mother is named Louisa. My grandmother is Louisa. It has always been Louisa. It has to be Louisa."

Levi looked deep into her face, by the light of the dying fire. "All right," he said, "Blue-eyes."

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1899

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

OBEDIENCE WITHOUT SEVERITY: Law is the governing force of the universe. . . . Nevertheless there are persons who hesitate to compel obedience lest they might injure the child's will power. But we think this is not so. Too frequently where there is strong will power displayed it is a manifestation of selfishness. Children do sometimes have strong instinctive desires in the right direction; therefore their motives should be most cautiously considered. . . . A stubborn, unconquered child is sure to develop into a man so self-centered and determined to have his own way that he will forego pleasures and even success rather than retract, and will be as he was when a child, his own greatest enemy. . . .

—Amy Brown Lyman

EDUCATION AND MOTHERHOOD: The knowledge stored in days of youth can be brought forth from time to time, to enrich the minds of the children. They must look up to the mother; feel that she possesses the very acme of wisdom; then they are willing and respectful subjects. Mothers, live with your children, answer all their manifold questions . . . you must retain and add to the education of early years. . . . The education obtained in school days, is only the foundation on which to erect the life structure. . . .

—Lydia D. Alder

America

Religious freedom on thy soil,
Was born 'mid struggling bands,
And Liberty to light the world,
In New York harbor stands.
Shine on thou incandescent light,
Nor let thy rays grow dim,
Bring joy to earth's inhabitants,
With thy effulgent gleam.

—Lucy A. Clark

A FLOURISHING BRANCH: San Diego, California. In this far off, beautiful southern city of between twenty and twenty-six thousand, there is a little band of Saints organized, numbering probably thirty-five souls, all told. . . . The Relief Society is under the able management of Sister Amelia Jewell, at whose home the sisters convene . . . for the purpose of testifying of God's goodness and blessings, and to lend themselves physically for the relief and succor of those in need. . . .

—Rhoda Celestia Nash

NATIONAL WOMAN'S RELIEF SOCIETY: This society is so perfectly organized that it is comparatively easy to carry out any plan formulated by the General Board. . . . Thus there are divisions and subdivisions of the society, which consists at present of thirty thousand members and more than six hundred branches scattered through this and other countries and on the islands of the sea.

—E. B. W.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MISS MARY M. ROBERTS, who died in January 1959, was editor of the *American Journal of Nursing* from 1921 to 1949, and editor emeritus until her death. She regarded nursing as an "all-encompassing service in response to a universal human need." She was cited and decorated for distinguished service in many fields of nursing.

THE Women's State Legislative Council of Utah has received international recognition because of the Commitment Law, which it spearheaded six years ago. This legislation makes it easier for mentally ill people to be admitted for observation or treatment at the state hospital on a voluntary basis. It also deletes the word *insane* so frequently used in former legislation and makes several other enlightened improvements. This law, it is said, will be the basis of similar legislation in India and has been copied by Arizona and New Mexico.

MRS. KATHERINE G. CAPT is survey statistician, Division of Statistical Research, United States Bureau of the Census, Washington, D.C. It is her responsibility to find, through the research and experiments of various workers, the most accurate and effective ways of making surveys to form a basis for governmental action.

MRS. CATHERINE BYRNE, Lord Mayor of Dublin, Ireland, was an honored guest in New York City on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1959, when 120,000 Irishmen took over Fifth Avenue. Accompanied by Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, she reviewed the marchers.

MRS. JOSEPHINE PERFECT BAY was appointed recently to the chairmanship of the board of directors of the American Export Lines. She is the first woman to head a major steamship line. Mrs. Bay was born in Iowa and inherited extensive financial interests when her husband, Charles Ulrick Bay, former United States Ambassador to Norway, died in 1955.

MRS. CLAIRE BOOTH LUCE, former Ambassador to Italy from 1953 to 1957, has been named ambassador to Brazil. Mrs. Luce won considerable acclaim for the conduct of her office in Italy.

IMOGEN HOLST, musical secretary to Britain's brilliant composer, Benjamin Britten, is co-author with him of *The Wonderful World of Music* (Garden City Books). This volume explains music to children imaginatively and delightfully.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 46 MAY 1959 NO. 5

Books — Recorders for the Ages

. . . seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom, seek learning, even by study and also by faith (D & C 88:118).

CAN it be that the wide and wonderful world of books is being lost to many of our generation? Each year more and more good books become available—the thoughts and researches, the conclusions of great minds of our time, and innumerable new editions of the classics of the past. History, science, literature, books on art, volumes of sacred scriptures are easily secured. Books are being circulated through libraries in towns and cities, and, in some areas, bookmobiles distribute books even in isolated regions. Books on myriad subjects, suitable for all age groups, are available at small cost.

Books, the recorders for the ages, companions of all generations, encompassing the tablets of the past and foreshadowing the future, are within reach for our information, our entertainment, our inspiration, and our spiritual advancement. Yet there are many homes which lack this illumined acquaintanceship, and which seem to be unaware of these treasures of knowledge.

Perhaps we value lightly the opportunities which are abundant. Our fathers and our mothers, our grandparents, many of them rejoiced in the few books they owned and the ones they were able to borrow. Books of poems, histories, Bibles, were brought in covered wagons and in handcarts to the valleys of the mountains, and the books were read by evening firelight, by flickering candles; they were read on Sabbath afternoons, on long journeys; and they were read by the farmer at noontime rest beside his field; mothers read to their children in shade of poplar trees and on the cabin porch. Isolation became union with a world of faraway people and places. Pioneer families on lonely ranches companioned themselves with books.

Rejoicing in her measure of such companionship, was a teenage girl, living all summer at her father's sheep camp on the mountain range. Only one book was available, a small, paper-bound book, filled with words of lasting strength and beauty . . . "the light shineth in darkness . . . the voice of one crying in the wilderness. . . .There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water . . . a well of water springing up into everlasting life. . . ." There were twenty-one chapters in the little book, and each chapter was divided and rationed, read over and over again, so that there would be a little reading for each of the long summer days that stretched slowly to evening on the high blue ridges. The small, paper-bound book was the Gospel of John, and when the girl became a woman she still loved books and rejoiced when other books and other scriptures opened for her the illimit-

e vistas of this world and the rlds to come.

f we lose for ourselves the world books, we lose much of our heritge; we lose the selectivity that may exercised in choosing those volmes that will embellish our ughts and our ways with treass proved through the long years, l new delights that come to us in m and story, in travelogues, in light on ancient places, accounts the widening panoramas of nge.

he myriad rooms of wonderment t books open are available to us and to our children. The books we read to our little ones in this their day of tender impressions will be their memories tomorrow, and they will hold in high esteem and with a lasting love, that mother or father, that grandmother or grandfather, that kind companion who sat beside the child and turned the pages of a book, opening for him the glorious world of experience and inspiration —the world that is so wide and so wonderful, and yet so small that books can capture much of it, for books are the recorders of the ages.

—V. P. C.

Dream, Come True

Ida Elaine James

My head is bent over blossom-white seams
No whiter, no sweeter than are my dreams.

Into the shining needle there goes
A vision of cuddly dimpled toes
And pink cheeks smooth as the summer's rose.

Into the web of my threads are run
Bird-like laughter and glint of sun—
The shimmering pathway of dreams begun.

Thread and needle, fly swift and free,
Make the dream that I hold come true to me.

My Mother

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

A part of prairie land, I see her still
Wherever meadow grasses scent the air;
Wherever plain folk work a gentle hill,
A picture lives for me, undimmed and clear.
Bright picture of my mother as she came
Across the hayfield, bringing me warm bread,
Fresh-baked and sweet, calling out my name—
Wind billowing her dress of faded red.
And when our lunch was over, she would go,
Skirts full and blowing, sunlight in her hair,
Back through the cut hay, milk jug swinging low,
Her color ebbing on the bright blue air.
I'll see her always where wild sweet grasses bend,
My prairie mother walking in the wind.

The Right Circles

And awake and arise . . . and strengthen thy stakes and enlarge thy borders forever, that thou mayest no more be confounded, that the covenants of the Eternal Father which he hath made unto thee . . . may be fulfilled (Moroni 10:31).

ENCIRCLED, as we are, by the gifts and blessings so freely granted through the mission and teachings of Jesus Christ, and through the enlightenment and verification of the restored gospel, we are heirs of the covenant. As such we are entitled to as much progression and as much joy as our own capacities and obedience will allow us to receive.

It is a natural feeling for those who have been given participation in a rewarding earth life and in a glorious promise for the eternities—it is a natural wish for them to share their riches with others and to spread the tidings that many may join in the blessings and participate in "the right circles."

A formal missionary system was established early in the history of the Church. Through revelation the Prophet Joseph Smith instructed a group of early missionaries: "And from this place [Kirtland, Ohio] ye shall go forth into the regions westward; and inasmuch as ye shall find them that will receive you ye shall build up my church in every region" (D & C 42:8).

Though all of us are not called to special missions, we are all missionaries in one way or another. The child who invites his playmate to Primary is enlarging the circle of joyful companionship. The older son who takes a school friend with him to Mutual gives this friend an opportunity to see life as it progresses in the gospel circle.

The woman at home may be one to lift her voice and share her heritage. If she is alert to the needs of her neighbors, she may invite a seamstress, or one interested in handicraft, to the work meeting, and open for her the blessings and opportunities of Relief Society. Young mothers, through interest and invitation, may be gathered into the circle of homemakers who are enriched by participation in the lessons that give them instruction and inspiration. Many women who love literature may find this to be the portal of their entrance into Relief Society.

As the first Section of the Doctrine and Covenants so well expresses the wideness of the gospel message, it is forever an enlarging circle. "Hearken ye people from afar; and ye that are upon the islands of the sea, listen together . . ." (D & C 1:1).

Recipes From the Eastern States Mission

Submitted by Florence S. Jacobsen

FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH RECIPES

In the early years of the eighteenth century, nearly all the first settlers in Eastern nnsylvania came from the Palatinate in Germany. They brought with them recipes of nous German cooks. Life was hard in America, and it was not always possible to ure the prescribed ingredients, so it became necessary to develop their own recipes d to utilize plain foods in the creation of tasty dishes.

Sauerbraten
(Pot Roast)

- pounds beef (chuck, rump, or round)
- pint vinegar
- water
- bay leaves
- peppercorns
- cloves
- 1 bunch carrots, cut in strips
- 6 onions, sliced
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- 10 gingersnaps
- salt and pepper

Wipe meat with damp cloth and then sprinkle thoroughly with salt and pepper. ace in earthen dish and add vinegar and enough water to cover. Add the bay leaves, ppercorns, and cloves, and let stand tightly covered for 5 days in a cool place (re- gerator). Put meat in a Dutch oven and brown well on all sides. Add the carrots d onions and 1 cup of the spiced vinegar. Cover tightly and cook over low flame out 3 hours or until meat is tender. When meat is cooked, add the sugar and crum- ed gingersnaps and cook for 10 minutes. This makes delicious gravy. If necessary, ore of the spiced vinegar may be added.

Lemon Tarts

weet Pastry Dough

- 1 c. flour
- c. sugar
- ⅓ c. butter or other shortening
- ½ tsp. baking powder
- egg yolk

Mix flour, sugar, butter, and baking powder together. Moisten ingredients using nough beaten egg yolk to make a dough just stiff enough to handle. Roll thin and ie two small tart pans (small pie tins) with dough. Prick the bottom with a fork and ake in hot oven 20 minutes (400°).

emon Tart Filling

- tbsp. cornstarch.
- c. brown sugar
- c. boiling water
- c. molasses (mild)
- grated rind of ½ lemon
- juice of 1 lemon (large)
- butter, size of walnut

Mix cornstarch and sugar together and slowly add to the boiling water, stirring nstantly. Cook until mixture thickens. Add molasses, butter, lemon rind, and juice. ook one minute longer. Cool slightly and pour into baked pie shell. Serve warm r cold. Serves 6-8.

Appelstrudel

2½ c. flour
1 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. shortening
2 eggs, slightly beaten
½ c. warm water
5 c. sliced apples
1 c. brown sugar
½ c. seedless raisins
½ c. chopped nuts
3 tbsp. melted butter
½ tsp. cinnamon
grated rind of a lemon

Sift flour and salt together. Cut in the 2 tbsp. shortening, then add the eggs and water. Knead well, then throw or beat dough against board until it blisters. Stand it in a warm place under a cloth for 20 minutes. Cover the kitchen table with a small white cloth and flour it. Put dough on it. Pull out dough with hands very carefully to thickness of tissue paper. Spread with mixture made of the sliced apples, melted butter, raisins, nuts, brown sugar, cinnamon, and grated lemon rind. Fold in outer edges and form a roll about 4 inches wide. Bake in a very hot oven (450°) for 10 minutes, reduce the heat to moderately hot oven (375°) and continue to bake about 20 minutes. Let cool. Cut into slices about 2 inches wide. Serve warm or cold.

Shoofly Pie

Make favorite pastry recipe and line two pie tins with dough rolled very thin (makes filling for two 8-inch pies).

Crumbs for Pie
3 c. flour
1 c. sugar
pinch salt
½ c. shortening
¼ tsp. grated nutmeg

Liquid for Pie
1½ tsp. soda
small amount cold water
1 c. light molasses
1 c. boiling water

Mix crumbs ingredients into a crumbly mixture. Take out handful of crumbs and reserve for top of pies. Mix soda with a small amount of cold water. Mix hot water and molasses until thoroughly dissolved. Add soda. Pour molasses mixture into the crumb mixture. Mix thoroughly and pour into unbaked pie shell. Sprinkle the spare crumbs on top and bake in a moderate (350°) oven about 60 minutes.

FROM THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY

Economy Prune Cake

½ c. fat
1 c. sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
2 tsp. soda
2 c. cooked prunes cut fine, and enough juice to fill measuring cup
1 c. nuts
2½ c. flour
1 tsp. cinnamon
¾ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. cloves
½ tsp. nutmeg

Cream fat and sugar together. Add vanilla. Add soda to prunes and juice. Mix dry ingredients together. Add nuts and prunes to creamed fat and sugar, and stir thoroughly. Last add dry ingredients. Bake in greased cake pan at 300° F. for 60 minutes. (May bake in layers if desired — requires less baking time.)

Whipped Cream Frosting for Prune Cake

2 tbsp. flour
½ c. milk
¼ c. shortening
¼ c. butter or butter substitute
½ c. sugar

Mix flour and milk into a smooth paste and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Mix shortening and butter together with electric beater. Add sugar and beat minutes. Add paste and beat four additional minutes. Frost top and sides of prune ike.

FROM THE STATE OF NEW YORK

Broken Glass Torte

1 pkg. each orange, lime, and raspberry gelatine
2½ c. hot water for each package
1 envelope plain gelatine
2¼ c. cold water
1 c. hot pineapple juice
2 c. heavy cream (whipped)
½ c. sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
whipped cream for frosting

ngel food cake (Loaf cake cut in slices)

Dissolve each of 3 packages flavored gelatine in 1½ cups hot water. Keep sepate. Turn into shallow pans about ⅔ inches thick, chill, and cut into cubes. Soften lain gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot pineapple juice. Cool thoroughly, then ld into whipped cream into which has been beaten sugar and vanilla. Stir colored elatine cubes into the whipped cream mixture. Line a large pan with thin angel food ake slices. Add gelatin mixture and cover with layer of angel food. Chill about 12 ours. When ready to serve unmold and frost torte with layer of whipped cream. lice and serve. 12-16 servings.

Golden Brown Bread

2 c. buttermilk or sour milk
1 c. dark molasses
2½ c. sifted all-purpose flour
2 tsp. soda
1 tsp. baking powder
2 tsp. salt
2 c. whole wheat flour
1 c. uncooked rolled oats
½ c. yellow corn meal
1 c. seedless raisins

Combine milk and molasses, add all-purpose flour, soda, baking powder, and salt ifted together. Mix thoroughly and add remaining ingredients. Pour into 2 greased -pound tin cans or molds. Cover tightly. Place in steamer or on rack in large kettle. dd water to depth of 1 inch. Cover. Place over low heat and steam 3 hours, adding ore hot water if needed. Remove from cans at once. Serve hot or cold. Makes large loaves.

Sweet Roll Bread

1 pkg. dry yeast
2 tbsp. warm water
½ c. scalded milk, cooled
½ lb. melted butter or shortening
3 beaten egg yolks
3 tbsp. sugar
½ tsp. vanilla
½ tsp. salt
3 c. sifted flour
3 egg whites, beaten stiff
¾ c. sugar
1 c. chopped nuts
1 c. raisins
cinnamon

Dissolve 1 pkg. dry yeast in warm water. Add cooled, scalded milk. Add butter, gg yolks, 3 tbsp. sugar, vanilla, salt, and flour. Mix thoroughly. Cover and let stand wo or three hours in refrigerator. Divide the dough into three portions. Roll thin nd spread each portion with the egg whites to which has been added ¾ c. sugar. prinkle egg white with cinnamon, raisins, and chopped nuts. Roll as a jelly roll. lace in greased bread tin and let stand one hour at room temperature. Bake in a 00° F. oven 1 hour. Serve hot or cold.

Gem of the Hills

Lydia M. Sorensen

"WHY are you milking the cow so early?" I asked. "The sun's still 'way up."

"We're going for a walk," Mamma answered.

"Couldn't we do the chores after we come back?"

"No. Not tonight. We'll be too tired." Her answers, cut short with an intense earnestness in her preparations, sharpened our curiosity.

After milking, she fed the cow. With Papa away from home for several days, Mama had the full responsibility.

"Where are we going?" I persisted.

"You'll see."

My three-year-old sister and I frequently walked up in the cedars behind the corral. Mamma hardly ever went with us. By all the preparations she was making, she must be planning a long walk, maybe past the field to the west and clear up into the cedars beyond on the road up the ditch. It was miles in either direction before the road led by another home. But, as children, we enjoyed exploring our cedar-bound world. While it was unusual for Mamma to go along, this time the idea was hers.

Preparations complete, she placed the baby in the buggy and led the way south down the road. When it turned east toward the dugway, she left the road and continued south across the stubble field. Having crossed the field, we came to soft, dusty soil. Here Mamma had to carry the baby while we pushed the buggy. That soon became too difficult, so we turned it around and pulled it. Being tired and hot, we grumbled about it. To encourage us for the task, she told us about the trek of the pioneers. At the moment pioneering held no charms for us, but the prospect of being left in this desolate place was even less attractive. Since our erstwhile considerate Mother determinedly kept on going despite our entreaties to go back, we had no choice but to follow. When we reached the sand knolls where the cedars grew, the carriage had to be abandoned. It was left under a tree and we girls carried the baby's supplies. Trudging on, we arrived at the edge of the hill.

A complete surprise awaited us children. Far below in a natural cove, like a jewel in its setting, nestled a spot of vivid green. As we studied the scene, we could make out what appeared to be miniature trees, a wee little house, and some other diminutive buildings. And then, would wonders never cease? There were the tiniest people we had ever seen.

"Look at the tiny little people walking around!" I exclaimed. "I could hold one in my hand."

I had never heard of Gulliver nor his Lilliputian friends, but I had my own variety of little people, colonies of them. They were dry cedar twigs of toothpick dimensions whom I moved by hand and clothed with imagination, giving them all the attributes of the living which my young mind could devise.

In a flash I thought how delightful it would be to take these people home to play with, care for, and protect. My sister was equally enchanted. The fact that the people went about their business in a purposeful manner and seemed capable of looking out for themselves was quite beside the point. If a dog should come along, they might be glad to have us keep him away from them.

"I didn't know there were any real people that little," I marveled.

"Those people are as big as we are," Mamma replied to our unbelieving dismay. "They look little because they are so far away. We're going down there," she added.

A fear of strangers sprang up in my mind, but I looked to natural barriers for protection.

"We can't get down over the ledges," I objected. "We'd fall off."

But she knew a trail.

"Maybe they're mean people," I cautioned.

"No, they're good people," she reassured us.

"Do you know them?"

"Yes."

As we made our way down, I kept hoping that the people would remain at least a little smaller than we. But they gradually increased in size to knee high, waist high, shoulder high, until some of them outgrew all of us. By the time we reached the level ground, the house had become large enough for us to enter and, approaching it, we were glad for the cool shade of the towering trees.

OUR disappointment in the loss of our tiny people was compensated for and our fears allayed by the warmth of a full-grown welcome. This was the family of our bishop. They were most solicitous of us, especially of our tired little mother. Nevertheless, the combination of fatigue and my sudden change from the big potential protector of these people to a little child dependent upon their hospitality, along with a little jealousy, made me a bit peevish.

Perhaps one of the hardest lessons to learn in life is to achieve contentment in going from strength to weakness, whether real or imagined. Is it possible?

First I wanted a drink of water which was gladly given—cool and delicious. Then I whimpered that I was hungry. Supper would be ready in about half an hour our hostess assured us, and gave each of us a peach from their orchard. Then she suggested that I go out and play with the children. Feeling shy, I did not want to do that, but the peach was good; so I whimpered some more to Mamma, who was paying no attention to me and was getting more of the peach than I was. This time we were given some large blue plums which I did not like as well as the peach, but I had to be satisfied.

Their children had a playhouse, the only real playhouse I ever saw. I remember their tall father stooping to enter as they had asked him to examine something that needed fixing. He said he would fix it.

In a little while we were called to supper. It was good when we were tired and hungry to find people so graciously ready to administer to our comfort. We stayed all night.

At bedtime, one after another, the smaller children knelt at their mother's knee to say their prayers.

The other children having finished, the baby wanted to say her prayer. Kneeling on her mother's lap, she repeated a syllable or two each time her mother paused, and finished with evident satisfaction. Later, in the privacy of our assigned bedrooms we offered our own prayers.

In the morning at breakfast, milk was poured from a brown and white pitcher, over a cereal made of bread crumbs. As the brother and older sister set out on foot for school nearly two miles distant, their father kindly admonished them not to play on the way.

When we were ready to go, the bishop carried the baby up the hill. At the top Mamma thanked him warmly as she once more took the child.

They were wonderful people.

They moved away, and I missed them in later years when I traveled that trail many times on horseback or on foot herding cows or sheep. The house and other buildings all disappeared from their places by the orchard and shade trees. Yet wherever they lived and wherever we lived, that bishop's family were always among our warmest friends.

Grandmother's Pinks

Maude Rubin

Remember those carnations? How their spice
Perfumed the rain-washed stillness! Leafy loam
Was black and rich—and when the creek's glare ice
Began to sing, our grandmother's heart-home
Was out-of-doors, her floor the sun-warmed earth;
She left the indoor tasks, to help at birth
Of summer, hands as spring showers.

Then when carnation petals burst their tight
Green buds, to spill their spice on sun-rich air,
We went to Sabbath school in fresh-starched white—
She gave us each one crimson "pink" to wear!

Weeds

Celia Luce

IT seems that no matter how hard I work in the garden, some weeds will creep in. I go after the big weeds with a will. I pull up redroot and wild lettuce and make the garden a thing of beauty again.

But, often, in my fight with the large weeds, I fail to notice that stunted redroot behind the bushes and that small wild lettuce on the dry spot. I go my way and leave them there. Next year their seeds grow into huge wild lettuce and redroot, and I have my battle to do all over again.

I am constantly fighting my faults, trying to pull them out and discard them as I do the weeds. The large faults worry me a lot, and I go after them. But I often forget little faults hidden in the background. Foolishly, I let them grow until they are the seeds for large faults. My battle must be fought again.

You Can Sew — XV — Children's Clothing

Jean R. Jennings

IMPLICITY is the keynote for good styling in children's clothing, as it is for clothing of all ; and ages. Not only do our ıg ones look better in clothes too fussy or elaborate, but they be more comfortable in them, there will be less time and t needed for their care.

rimmings on girls' dresses should be heavy or ornate. Fine tuck- narrow, dainty ruffles, hand hes, smocking, narrow pipings, ling, and binding are the desir- and natural finishes for chil- n's clothes. More often than the trim that is most effective ıe easiest to use.

lothers faced with the problem making children's clothing, re- lless of how simple or compli- d the project, can save a great of time and effort by planning fully in advance of the start of actual sewing. As far as possible, a the season's work as a unit. ke a careful list of things to be hased such as fabrics, trim- gs, notions, etc. Keep the list ı you in your handbag and pick an item here and there as you ; by, instead of making many ial trips. Or better still, make trip do for all purchasing.

ı families where there are sev- children, there is much sewing oe done, and an even greater need economy of time and energy. e way to save time in sewing is cut several garments at once. ke notes of any special things to ember about each article, such as piecing, etc. and attach it to the proper article for reference when machine sewing begins. Put everything needed for each garment together in a separate roll so that you can do all the machine work at one time. Introduce assembly-line efficiency into your family sewing by sewing several articles as one unit.

Sewing should be fun as well as practical. Handwork can be done in leisure moments while you visit with the family or a neighbor, or enjoy a radio or television program. Once you get the habit of bundle sewing, you will find it useful to have several things to work on at once so that just the right sewing can be done while you enjoy some other activity in your day or evening. Pick up your hand sewing as you would pick up knitting or crocheting. It will surprise you how much you can accomplish this way.

Adjust to Growth

The problem of having clothes fit children properly when new, and still allow room for growth, is sometimes a difficult one. We feel it can best be solved by carefully concealed let-out areas.

In little girls' dresses, extra length for later on may be supplied by laying a tuck on the inside just above the waistline for additional waist length and another tuck in the hem of the skirt for easy let-down. Such tucks can be put in with a long machine-basting stitch so that they are easy to remove.

All straps on overalls and play

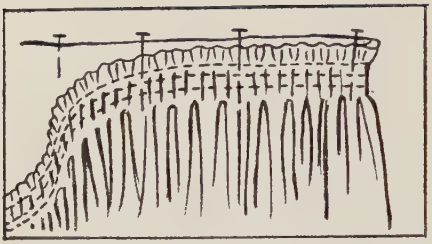

Figure 1

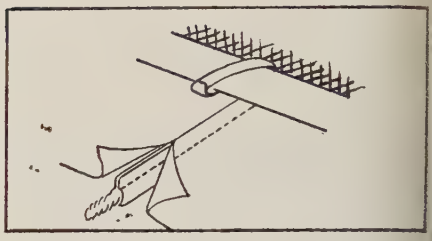

Figure 2

suits should be made allowing several extra inches for growth. Buttons can be moved as added length is needed.

In making clothes for children of all ages, it is important to sew them as carefully and firmly as possible. Spare no effort to make them durable, reinforcing points of strain. Always use backing for buttons and buttonholes as well as for pockets. Extra time spent in the making will help to keep them out of the mending basket.

INSTRUCTION on techniques given in earlier lessons are applicable to all types of garments for both adults and children. We do, however, want to add suggestions for gathering and cording, both of which will be found helpful in making dresses for the young.

Countless yards of material are gathered each year for children's dresses with varying degrees of success. It can be done easily and quickly with the correct method.

To machine gather, adjust the machine stitch to eight stitches to the inch. For the upper thread use regular weight, but have heavier thread on the bobbin, so it will not break easily. Put in two rows of large machine stitching, having the first one on the seam line. (See Figure 1.) Use your presser foot as a gauge to keep rows even.

When applying the gathered edge to a straight edge, divide both into segments at equal distances and mark with pins. Pin gathered edge to plain edge at centers of front and sides and midway between all around. Do not pull up gathers until they are pinned in place. Draw up gathers, pulling both threads at once. Fasten threads over last pin by means of several laps. Baste and sew between the two rows of stitching.

Cording is an attractive and easy way to finish the waistline of small dresses. Use cable cord or heavy string of the desired thickness. To cover the cord, cut material on the true bias. Lay the cord in the fold and stitch close to the cord, using the machine cording foot (zipper foot). The strip should be cut wide enough to cover the cord, plus seam allowance. Insert the cord between the seams of the waist and skirt and stitch as close to the cord as possible. (See Figure 2.)

Maggie Richards Wood Specializes in Making Lace Tablecloths

MAGGIE Richards Wood, Fielding, Utah, has presented each of her five daughters and the three daughters-in-law with a beautiful lace tablecloth, a chair back set, l many other crocheted and tatted articles. During the past two years she has made y-two quilt tops, including eight in the wedding-ring pattern, two in the lovers' knot ttern, fourteen in the star pattern, and many appliqued quilts with original patterns. a family party two years ago her forty-five grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren re present to see the quilt tops, and, as far as possible, were given the opportunity to ke an individual choice of the lovely quilt tops displayed. She now has forty-six grandildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Wood has served the Church in many capacities, including Primary president, sident of her ward Relief Society, theology class leader, and counselor in Relief ciety. She has been a visiting teacher for many years. Homemaking, handwork, and urch service have made her life busy and beautiful.

Old Fishermen

Ethel Jacobson

So sat the huddled forms around
A storied sea;
So shone the sun on fishermen
Of Galilee,
Where carefully the nets were spread
On bare brown sands
And mended with such stiff and scarred
And patient hands.

The Silver Leash

Chapter 5

Beatrice Rordame Parsons

Synopsis: LaRue Harding, an orphan, who has lived since childhood in California with an aunt, goes to Fivelakes, Arizona, after the death of her sister, Amelia. She tries to help and encourage her brother-in-law Herbert Vetterly, who is confined to a wheel chair. His children gradually come to accept LaRue as a friend and as a member of the family. She meets Dr. Alan Rutherford, a surgeon at the Jonas Harding Hospital, and his fiancee Gladys Drew. "Grandie," Dr. Rutherford's grandfather, who now owns old Hillhigh House, which was built by the Hardings, invites them to a picnic there.

WHEN LaRue had first suggested the cook-out at Hillhigh House, she had been doubtful of its success. But Erma and Joel — to say nothing about Connie — were so delighted and surprised by the prospect of their father accompanying them, that they could not do enough to help.

Though he didn't speak of it, LaRue knew that Herb was still frightened by the thought of leaving the house in his chair. She knew his shyness at being seen by his friends and neighbors. She knew his courage in deciding to go!

LaRue admired her brother-in-law for that courage. She knew that his love for his children had overshadowed his fear. But she knew that deep inside he cringed at the thought of what he would have to face.

The children, however, did not guess. They were glad, happy, too excited to look for hidden meanings in their father's actions.

Connie had written carefully printed notes on some flowered stationery she had found, and had sent them off to Dr. Alan, to Gladys, Grandie, Janice, and Bob. She had even sent one to Eddie Parrat and had propped one up outside of Atlast's little dog house.

"I've been teaching him to behave when I put him on his leash," explained Connie dubiously, "but he's not very polite. He runs away all the time, dragging his leash behind him." As though she hated to criticize her little pet, she added hurriedly, "It's only because he's not used to a leash that he acts that way, Aunt LaRue."

"I'm sure he'll be properly trained by the time we go to Hillhigh House," LaRue assured her, smilingly, but deep inside, she was not entirely sure that the little tan and white dog would take graciously to his collar and leash. "At least, darling, you can be sure he can't find any very naughty mischief to get into at Hillhigh House. There's plenty of space in which to run."

Connie was comforted. She didn't give up trying, however, and when it was time to get ready, she carefully packed Atlast's leash.

There were sundry other things that she and Janice packed in order to set up proper housekeeping for their dolls; and when they were ready, Joel clapped his hands to his head and guffawed loudly.

"We look more like we're moving, than just going to a cook-out,"

declared, surveying all the fold- chairs, the table and grill, the ıic basket, and all the other gs that they were to take along. s good that Dr. Alan is calling Dad. What with his chair and ything. . . ." He caught a quick, long glance of his father's face, shouted at Eddie: "Grab some- g, man. Don't just stand there your tongue hanging out, king about all that chicken."

aRue was relieved to see that ıe bustle the boys made packing back of the car, Herb's color a chance to come back before Alan, with Gladys in the front and Grandie in the back, lifted b's chair into his car.

aRue, watching the shadows p into Herb's face, grew worried. haps I shouldn't have . . . yes forced Herb to come," she told elf fearfully. "If anything should pen. . . ." But she turned that ıght away as Joel shouted for to hurry.

IEY laughed and chatted and made fun of their two-car cara- as it advanced up the steep l to Hillhigh House.

oel got quite a laugh as he re- mbered something his father had . "Stately carriages, and spirit- ıorses were never like this!" he ared, giving Eddie a great thump nst his shoulder. "I'll bet the tered ghosts of long-gone Hard- are staring down at us with pproval in their . . . eyes?"

verybody laughed, but Connie worried. "There aren't any sts in the daytime, are there, ıt LaRue?" She clutched at ce's arm as she waited for an ver, and both small faces were .

"Of course not," cried Erma vehemently. Then with more gentleness: "If there are any Harding ghosts at Hillhigh House, they are all very nice ones. Grandie knew most of them, and he always tells such kind stories about them. I'm sure they were wonderful people."

LaRue saw Bob Powers beaming at Erma, and she remembered how sharp Erma's reply might once have been to a thoughtless brother, frightening little girls with stories of ghosts.

She's improving, LaRue told herself happily; and found that they had reached their goal.

There were so many eager hands to help with the unpacking and getting settled, that there was more confusion than order, there under the old willow, on the brick patio.

They arranged folding chairs, tables, the grill, and the special aluminum-and-nylon chaise lounge which Gladys had insisted on bringing for her very own benefit in the pool of shade cast by the great tree.

Dr. Alan had made a huge chef's hat out of white paper. When he tipped it over his dark hair and waved his scepter — a long barbecue fork for turning the chicken — they all declared him "The Ruler of the Feast."

Grandie was happy to be with Erma and Bob, strolling over the grounds, pointing out the old rock spring house, which had once served the Hardings and the Rutherfords as a natural refrigerator where round pans of milk had been set until they were golden with thick, sweet cream for the table.

Janice and Connie made a fabulous playhouse with bits of white stone, and a carpet of dried leaves. Atlast, unconfined by his collar

and leash, thumped the dust, from what they had decided was the front porch, with his tail, until Connie spoke firmly about the trouble of housekeeping with a small dog. Then he curled his paws under him and dozed, keeping one ear well cocked to hear what his young mistress was up to.

Joel and Eddie climbed ancient apple trees, but Herb sat in his wheelchair, tense, shaken by his journey to the old house. While Dr. Alan turned the chicken over the charcoal in the grill, Gladys lazed in her chaise lounge and pointed towards the activity taking place at Blue Lake.

"They're getting ready for the celebration," she sighed contentedly, crossing slim, tanned legs in a pool of sunshine to add to their tan. "Why, they are assembling a regular mountain of steel and wood for the amusement part of the carnival."

"There's the merry-go-round," cried Connie, turning Janice about so that she could see, too. "I just love those pink, green, and lavender horses! I think I'm going to ride them all!"

Erma turned to Grandie and smiled. "Will you ride the Ferris Wheel with Bob and me, Grandie?"

THE old man slapped his knee and grinned: "I'll even pay for the tickets," he assured her teasingly.

Joel and Eddie were disdainful of merry-go-rounds and Ferris wheels. "We're going to ride the rocket to the moon," said Joel, boastfully. "And the atomic blockbuster. And the satellite bomb."

Everybody giggled. But LaRue's eyes were shining as she studied the tall, dark-haired boy who would soon be the man his father had once been.

His head is full of wheels and wings, she thought eagerly. So is Eddie's. Boys of that age are mechanics. They need things to do with their hands. They will be flying those atomic-powered planes of the future. They'll be riding the earth satellites. She laughed aloud at her own wild imaginings.

Glayds, lazily beautiful in a sleeveless raspberry-red frock, spoke scornfully. "You can have those things! I'll take the dancing. I'm going to buy a new Mexicali frock — blue, I think — with a cute little bodice with a V-neck."

She looked to where LaRue was helping Dr. Alan fry the chicken, her dress protected with a big apron, and asked: "What will you wear, LaRue?"

For all she had told Herb that she wanted to stay for the Festival, LaRue had not consciously made any plans. She remembered the dresses she had left hanging in the neat clothes closet back in San Francisco and wished she had brought something very special. But she shook her head a bit ruefully.

"My yellow, I guess. It's not new, but it's the only nice thing I brought with me. Maybe it's a little plain for. . . ."

"They wear anything, Aunt LaRue," said Erma quickly. "I'm sure your yellow will be all right."

LaRue turned a piece of chicken, saying thoughtfully: "I'll wear it, if I go."

Dr. Alan waved a chicken leg at the end of his barbecue fork. He wore a dish towel to protect his gray slacks, and his paper hat was rakishly tilted over his twinkling eyes.

Of course you're going. Even Gladys and I have to drag . . ."

Dr. Alan Rutherford!" It was ndie's voice rising indignantly. that any way to invite a young to dance?" He gave his grand- a withering glance, and bowed ally to LaRue. "Miss Harding," sked most politely, "may I have pleasure of escorting you to the nding Festival? Perhaps I'm not e up to the jitterbug, but I'll be to try."

aRue's face was merry, her voice ked, but her acceptance was very al.

I'd be honored, Grandie. Very, honored. Thank you. We can ut the jitterbug."

verybody laughed then and scram- l for their places as Dr. Alan an- nced that the chicken was ready. was heaped on a large platter, p, golden brown, and it smelled lelicious that Atlast took up his e near Connie, where she could eptitiously feed him on bits of n.

ORE than once during the meal, LaRue saw Herb's hand go , offering Atlast a tidbit. They there, watching the workmen ld peppermint-striped booths ng the shores of Blue Lake. Oth- men were setting up frames for fireworks on a small island. ey ate until they could not hold other bite. Then they packed y the remains of the feast and lowed Grandie for a tour of the house.

LaRue had never been inside, yet, mehow, she felt as if she belonged. was very run-down, yet beautiful l gracious. Gladys walked gingerly, fearing the floor might let her through, but Grandie laughed at the idea.

"This house was built to last, Gladys." He led them up the curved staircase to the second floor. LeRue peeped into the dormer-windowed bedrooms where so many Hardings had slept. Then they went up a short staircase to the attic where some lovely old furniture was ranged against the rafters.

LaRue watched Erma's face as she and Bob walked about. The girl's hand went out to touch the old rosewood piano, and it gave off a sweet, mellowed tone. Erma's eyes were shining. "I wish I'd come here with Mother," she said softly. "No wonder she loved these things. I can just see them in their proper place downstairs."

LaRue could see them, too. But Gladys sniffed daintily. "I'll take *modern*," she said haughtily. "I don't care for old things." She drew her skirt out of danger from dust, and caught possessively at Dr. Alan's arm, as they all trooped down the stairs and back into the shadow of the willow tree.

Almost shyly, Joel begged, "If you're not too tired, Grandie, would you show us the old car?"

Grandie looked into Joel's face, and said brightly, "Not a bit tired." His eyes twinkled as he led the boys to the garage which had once been a carriage house. "We used to call 'em *Tin Lizzies*, but they got us there, and *back!*"

They disappeared in the dusty garage. Gladys sighed and relaxed on the chaise lounge with Dr. Alan sitting cross-legged on the patio beside her. Herb's chair was nearby, and LaRue settled into a chair not

too far away. She remembered about Mrs. Lawson's baby. She asked Dr. Alan how things were coming along.

"Fine," he said, but his dark eyes were somber, "but the little scamp seems determined to arrive a little early." They talked about babies for a moment, then Dr. Alan turned to Herb. "Have you made up your mind about going to the hospital? Dr. Frame and I feel sure that the new techniques in nerve operations. . . ."

He was explaining them earnestly when Gladys moved restlessly and raised her voice. "Darling, must you always talk shop? We're having a holiday!"

Dr. Alan's voice hung in the air in the middle of a word. LaRue saw the hot flush that mounted to his forehead. But he said: "Forgive me, Gladys. Sometimes I forget that the thought of operations makes you ill. I'll promise to remember."

Gladys gave LaRue a wry little pout. "I can't stand the thought of . . . of . . . ." She shivered, said bluntly: "I suppose I shouldn't want to marry a doctor. But after we're married, Alan can keep his office and his home separate."

AN embarrassed silence followed her words. LaRue knew that Alan was glad to see Joel racing towards them. Joel's face was alight with pleasure. He went straight to his father.

"That's some car, Dad! Grandie says it will be all right if Eddie and I try to make it run." He hesitated. "I'm afraid my allowance. . . ."

"I'll give you the money," said Grandie quickly.

Joel shook his head. "I couldn't take it." Then, as Grandie began to speak about loaning him the money his head shook more vehemently than ever. "Dad doesn't approve of kids going into debt."

Grandie considered, scratching his head. "Maybe you could work it out." He glanced about. "No wonder this house hasn't sold. If the lawns were cut, the shrubs trimmed. . . ."

Joel and Eddie were grinning widely as they shook the old man's wrinkled hand. "It's a bargain!"

Erma, standing at Bob's side, spoke experimentally: "Maybe I could fix things inside. A little soap and water would do wonders. Bob could do the ladder work. . . ."

Grandie was beaming. "I'll get a brand new FOR SALE sign." He gave his grandson a keen little glance. "Now that that's settled, we might as well talk about that house Gladys wants to build in Maple Park. . . ."

Dr. Alan interrupted quickly. "We haven't quite made up our minds. I realize that I could make a lot of money, if I had my own office. But the thought of that new children's wing keeps running through my mind, and. . . ."

Before he could finish, Gladys said loudly: "Thanks, Grandie. I know exactly what I'd like the house to look like. I've been going over all the modern magazines. I even know where I'm going to place the furniture."

Her words were so definite that Dr. Alan flushed again, painfully. But Joel was shouting for Connie and Janice to pack their dolls. Everyone was relieved to have something to do.

Connie and Janice ran eagerly

(*Continued on page 339*)

Magazine Honor Roll For 1958

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE General Board congratulates stake and ward, mission and branch *Relief Society Magazine* representatives, with their respective presidencies, for their sustained efforts in 1958, which resulted in an all-time high of 157,070 subscriptions to *The Relief Society Magazine*. This is an increase of 6,182 over 1957. This large increase reflects earnest and zealous work on the part of *Magazine* representatives and an awareness on the part of Relief Society members of the worth of *The Relief Society Magazine* in their lives and the desire to have it in their homes to be read by their family members. Letters constantly come to the General Board in which young mothers state that their mothers always had the *Magazine* in their homes and how much it means to them now to have the *Magazine* in their own homes.

With over 193,000 members of Relief Society, we find that the subscription number equals 81% of the membership. However, since many non-Relief Society members subscribe to *The Relief Society Magazine*, the percentage of Relief Society members is probably not that high. There is a great difference in the growth that can come to two Relief Society members living side by side who attend Relief Society meetings together where one reads and studies the *Magazine* contents and the other does not. There is a whole area of influence and knowledge which remains closed to the one sister. It is a closed book. Not only does she deprive herself of valuable knowledge, enjoyment, and growth, but she also deprives her family, for as a mother gains saving knowledge, the benefit is felt by her family in her enlightened attitude and the added information she imparts to them.

There is a great responsibility attached to the calling of a *Magazine* representative to convert Latter-day Saint women to subscribe and read the *Magazine*. In addition to selling a year's subscription, the *Magazine* representative may continue her interest in the sister to see that she is receiving and enjoying the *Magazine*. With new subscribers, especially, she can inquire if they have read certain articles and show a continued sisterly interest.

With all the means of instruction and entertainment offered today, a Latter-day Saint woman must be selective and Relief Society has the responsibility to point out the benefits to be found in *The Relief Society Magazine*, to bring an awareness that the entire contents reflect and are in harmony with the principles of the gospel. The *Relief Society Magazine* combines material on the varied aspects of the life of a Latter-day Saint woman as does Relief Society itself. As Relief Society is a unique organization in all the world, so the Relief Society *Magazine* is unique among magazines for women.

As in the homes, so in stakes, certain patterns are set. In some stakes high goals of achievement are set and attained. The realization of

them becomes the pattern of the stake. This is attested by the fact that year after year many of the same stakes remain with the highest percentages. Some new stakes attain high goals from their beginnings. Others show remarkable gains and maintain their increased percentages. The General Board watches the progress of the *Magazine* subscriptions in the stakes with keen interest, feeling that if members subscribe, read, and study the contents it is some indication of the progress and strength they and their beloved Relief Society are gaining.

For the twelfth consecutive year South Los Angeles has the highest percentage—222%. South Gate Ward of South Los Angeles Stake again leads the wards and has a percentage of 323%. The Western States Mission leads the missions with 114%. The highest percentage of a mission district was achieved by the West North Dakota District of the West Central States Mission with a percentage of 127. Sidney Branch of the Scottsbluff District of the Western States Mission achieved the high percentage of 220. Special commendation is extended to these organizations.

In 1958, there were 72 stakes which had 100% or over, and 19 stakes in which all wards achieved 100% or over. There are 247 stakes on the honor roll which is an increase of 27 over last year. There are 1,912 wards on the honor roll, an increase of 58 over last year. There are 16 missions on the honor roll and 538 branches.

The General Board extends its warmest thanks and appreciation to every *Magazine* representative whose unselfish service has enriched the lives of her sisters. *Magazine* representatives will be blessed for their efforts, for *The Relief Society Magazine* may exert a great persuasive power for good with its readers and, through magnifying their callings, *Magazine* representatives have performed a service and been the means of bringing enlightenment into countless lives.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 222%
Magazine Representative—Edna C. Stoutsenberger

Ward

South Gate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California) 323%
Magazine Representative—Bertha Whitehead

Mission

Western States Mission—114%
Mission Relief Society *Magazine* Representative—Daisy R. Romney

Mission District

West North Dakota District, West Central States Mission—127%
Magazine Representative—Viola Willmore

Mission Branch

Sidney Branch—220%
Scottsbluff District, Western States Mission
Magazine Representative—Jean Goodell

Ten Highest Percentages in Stakes

South Los Angeles	222	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
Glendale	182	Elsie Weber
Burley	134	Virginia Nichols
Rexburg	131	Beth Moore
Inglewood	130	Janet C. Medina
New York	124	Thyra Stoddard
North Idaho Falls	123	Eva J. Wilkins
Monterey Bay	122	Lena Millitt
Oquirrh	120	Earlean W. McGee
Albuquerque	117	Della S. Miller

Missions Achieving Ten Highest Percentages

Western States	114	Daisy R. Romney
Northwestern States	102	Effie K. Driggs
Northern California	101	Hazel S. Love
Canadian	101	Leah H. Lewis
Central States	94	Peggy B. Sears
California	93	Lela L. Udall
West Central States	91	Lucille R. Mills
Eastern States	89	Florence S. Jacobsen
Great Lakes	86	Vonda H. Christensen
New England	86	Alberta S. Baker

Ten Stakes With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
South Los Angeles	2657	South Salt Lake	943
Glendale	1258	North Idaho Falls	938
North Davis	979	East Los Angeles	880
Ensign	947½	West Pocatello	880
Highland	946	Burley	860

Ten Missions With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
Eastern States	1061	Northern States	885
Central States	959	West Central States	846
Northwestern States	942	Southern States	720
Great Lakes	934	Western States	707
Central Atlantic	898	East Central States	692

Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or over

American Falls	Enid W. Thornton
Burley	Virginia Nichols
East Long Beach	Margaret Bryan
East Sharon	Edna M. Hansen
Glendale	Elsie Weber
Holladay	Lucille B. Crowther
Inglewood	Janet C. Medina
Kansas City	Venna T. Witbeck
Monument Park	Sara Stone
North Davis	Thora A. Martin
Norwalk	Lorraine T. Brewer
Phoenix North	Rose Openshaw
Pocatello	Verna Gridley
Reseda	Billie June Jube
Seattle	Laura C. Bronner
Shelley	Merle Young
So. Idaho Falls	Violet K. Jaussi
So. Los Angeles	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
South Salt Lake	Hannah Dietrich

Mission Percentages on Honor Roll

Western States	114	West Central States	91	North Central States	84
Northwestern States	102	Eastern States	89	Northern States	83
Northern California	101	Great Lakes	86	Gulf States	79
Canadian	101	New England	86	East Central States	77
Central States	94	Western Canadian	86	Central Atlantic	76
California	93				

Stakes by Percentages—1958

South Los Angeles	222	Reseda	104	Los Angeles	98
Glendale	182	San Fernando	104	Santa Monica	98
Burley	134	North Davis	103	Columbia River	97
Rexburg	131	Blackfoot	103	West Utah	97
Inglewood	130	Bonneville	103	Bountiful North	97
New York	124	Uintah	103	East Millcreek	97
North Idaho Falls	123	San Diego East	103	Great Falls	97
Monterey Bay	122	San Francisco	102	Portneuf	97
Oquirrh	120	Santa Ana	102	Cache	97
Albuquerque	117	San Bernardino	102	Emigration	97
Long Beach	115	West Pocatello	102	Grand Junction	96
Shelley	115	Highland	102	Kolob	96
San Joaquin	115	Tacoma	102	Sacramento	96
St. Louis	113	Woodruff	102	Cottonwood	96
Holladay	113	Malad	101	Atlanta	96
Cassia	112	St. Joseph	101	North Box Elder	96
East Sharon	112	Calgary	101	Sevier	96
Gridley	112	Rigby	101	Olympus	95
Seattle	112	Mt. Graham	101	Bakersfield	95
Burbank	111	Palo Alto	101	Granger	95
Redondo	111	East Phoenix	100	Lake Mead	95
San Diego	110	Twin Falls	100	North Jordan	95
East Long Beach	109	Liberty	100	Oakland-Berkeley	95
Boise	109	Sugar House	100	Ashley	95
Norwalk	109	Union	100	Wasatch	95
Phoenix North	109	North Rexburg	100	Orlando	95
Portland	109	Wilford	100	Granite	95
Covina	108	West Boise	100	Franklin	95
Bear River	108	Raft River	99	Ensign	94
Kansas City	108	Pasadena	99	North Seattle	94
North Pocatello	108	Moapa	99	North Tooele	94
Monument Park	107	Cincinnati	99	Santa Rosa	94
Weber Heights	107	Humboldt	99	Park	94
Las Vegas	107	Weiser	99	Rose Park	94
South Idaho Falls	107	South Bear River	99	Lake View	94
Minidoka	107	Temple View	99	Young	93
Pocatello	106	Grant	99	Idaho	93
Bountiful	106	Nampa	98	Mt. Rubidoux	93
Idaho Falls	106	Monument Park West	98	Orange County	93
American Falls	106	Juarez	98	Valley View	93
South Salt Lake	105	Yellowstone	98	South Summit	93
Provo	105	East Rigby	98	Reno	92
Taylor	105	Wells	98	Panguitch	92
South Box Elder	105	East Mesa	98	Hayward	92

STAKES BY PERCENTAGES (Continued)

Nyssa	92	Salmon River	85	Murray South	77
Bannock	92	Spokane	85	Richland	76
Washington	92	Uvada	85	Logan	76
East Provo	92	Willamette	85	North Sacramento	76
Kanab	91	Alberta	84	San Luis Obispo	76
Zion Park	91	Benson	84	Duchesne	76
Mesa	91	Lehi	84	East Ogden	76
Phoenix	91	Teton	84	Smithfield	76
Southern Arizona	91	Parowan	84	Utah	76
Spanish Fork	91	Roosevelt	84	Weber	76
Maricopa	91	Blaine	83	Snowflake	75
Mt. Jordan	90	Oneida	83	North Sanpete	74
Sharon	90	Timpanogos	83	Lorin Farr	74
Ogden	90	Montpelier	83	Bountiful South	72
North Sevier	90	Walnut Creek	83	Hillside	72
Lethbridge	90	Millard	83	Santaquin-Tintic	72
Millcreek	89	East Cache	82	Orem West	72
Taylorsville	89	Deseret	82	Summit	72
Big Horn	89	Lost River	82	Grantsville	71
Palmyra	89	Ben Lomond	82	Midvale	71
South Blackfoot	89	West Jordan	82	Farr West	71
Riverdale	89	El Paso	81	South Sanpete	71
Juab	89	Grand Coulee	81	Missoula	70
Mt. Logan	88	Pioneer	81	Gunnison	70
Tooele	88	Garfield	81	Hyrum	70
Star Valley	88	Emery	80	San Jose	70
Tucson	88	Fresno	80	Morgan	70
University	88	Gooding	80	Houston	70
Springville	87	San Antonio	80	Lewiston	70
St. George	87	North Weber	79	Lyman	69
Yuma	87	Florida	79	Orem	69
Nebo	87	San Mateo	79	Layton	68
New Orleans	87	North Carbon	79	Nevada	66
Dallas	86	Bear Lake	79	Canyon Rim	65
Virginia	86	South Carolina	79	South Sevier	65
San Luis	86	Flagstaff	79	Honolulu	64
St. Johns	86	Carbon	78	Cannon	62
Butte	86	Mt. Ogden	78	Moroni	62
Detroit	86	Riverside	78	Shreveport	59
Denver	86	East Los Angeles	78	Kearns North	58
South Davis	86	Wayne	78	Santa Barbara	57
East Jordan	86	Beaver	77	Oahu	48
Kearns	86	Davis	77	Brigham Young University*	
Chicago	85	Klamath	77	Utah State University*	
Salt Lake	85	San Juan	77		
South Ogden	85	Alpine	77		
Cedar	85	Murray	77		

*(Limited Participation)

STAKES ON THE HONOR ROLL—1958

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta	664	560	84	Viola B. Wynder
Albuquerque	356	416	117	Della S. Miller
Alpine	1059	816	77	Orale W. Scholes
American Falls	334	353	106	Enid W. Thornton
Ashley	470	447	95	Maryetta Wardle
Atlanta	331	317	96	Pauline Gilbert
Bakersfield	594	566	95	Virginia C. Hodson
Bannock	359	330	92	Ida Sorenson
Bear Lake	513	405	79	Jean P. Budge
Bear River	496	534	108	Lottie R. Potter
Beaver	510	395	77	Beulah Wood
Ben Lomond	567	462½	82	Violet H. Cothrell
Benson	587	495	84	Tess Christensen
Big Horn	915	818	89	Christine Harvey
Blackfoot	572	588	103	Lucille Wareing
Blaine	296	247	83	Walnah E. Byington
Boise	468	510	109	Effie Baxter
Bonneville	803	824	103	Laura M. Brann
Bountiful	395	418	106	Pearl M. Oldham
Bountiful North	437	425	97	Eunice H. Van Orden
Burbank	597	665	111	Maude S. McLatchie
Burley	640	860	134	Virginia Nichols
Butte	415	357	86	Harriet Millecam
Cache	577	559	97	Alice D. Griffin
Calgary	457	462	101	Vernetta Reed
Carbon	790	618	78	Gertrude W. Edwards
Cassia	315	353	112	Claudia Martin
Cedar	658	558	85	Venice W. Prince
Chicago	466	398	85	Florence G. Andrew
Cincinnati	200	198	99	Dorothy Campbell
Columbia River	676	659	97	Mona H. Kirkham
Cottonwood	444	427	96	Mabel R. Baker
Covina	755	816	108	Lucille C. Hales
Dallas	266	230	86	Opal Burch
Davis	893	691	77	Sarah B. Strong
Denver	946	813	86	Bernice H. Brown
Deseret	746	611	82	Leatha W. Bennett
Detroit	393	338	86	Myrtle M. Moffett
Duchesne	439	334½	76	Ora Holgate
East Cache	731	601	82	Ines B. Bergeson
East Jordan	558	477½	86	Vera Cowley
East Long Beach	473	516	109	Margaret Bryan
East Los Angeles	1135	880	78	Valerie C. Baisley
East Mesa	777	759	98	Elva M. Brown
East Mill Creek	357	347	97	Johann Hollingsworth
East Ogden	679	515	76	Vivian Cantwell
East Phoenix	629	632	100	Cora L. Mack
East Provo	576	528	92	Jane S. Watkins
East Rigby	596	583½	98	Dale Burtenshaw
East Sharon	405	454	112	Edna M. Hansen
El Paso	409	333	81	Florence N. Pierce
Emery	739	593	80	Dorthella Williams
Emigration	486	469	97	Adeline Jensen
Ensign	1003	947½	94	Anna W. Fox
Flagstaff	416	320	77	Ruth W. Palmer
Florida	441	350	79	Gertie Mae Keller
Franklin	786	743	95	Phyllis W. Kingsford
Fresno	540	432	80	Martha B. Richards
Garfield	282	227½	81	Lula Moore

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Glendale	692	1258	182	Elsie Weber
Gooding	527	419	80	Hazel Pratt
Grand Coulee	546	443	81	Amy Kent
Grand Junction	418	403	96	Josephine Prinster
Granger	534	508½	95	Leona C. Campbell
Granite	652	617	95	Wilma D. Wetzel
Grant	867	854	99	Eliza G. King
Great Falls	314	305	97	Glenna MacDonald
Gridley	531	595	112	Lila M. Holdaway
Hayward	522	462	92	Agnes M. Nelson
Highland	931	946	102	Ruby M. Blake
Holladay	551	621	113	Lucille B. Crowther
Humboldt	202	200	99	Sarah Jordan
Idaho	411	383	93	Elizabeth L. Stevens
Idaho Falls	701	739	106	Erma W. Boyce
Inglewood	574	744½	130	Janet C. Medina
Juab	506	448	89	Alligee L. Anderson
Juarez	100	98	98	Fannie B. Hatch
Kanab	469	429	91	Effie L. Sorensen
Kansas City	315	339	108	Venna T. Witbeck
Kearns	291	249	86	Helen Clayton
Klamath	467	361	77	Dorothy Davis
Kolob	514	495	96	Hilda W. Cherrington
Lake Mead	339	323	95	Magda W. Potter
Lake View	759	710	94	Glenda Thompson
Las Vegas	787	841	107	Lila H. Leavitt
Lehi	647	543	84	Rosa Ashton
Lethbridge	681	611	90	Thelma Derochie
Liberty	728	728	100	Ila Hatton
Logan	536	408½	76	Ruby W. Amussen
Long Beach	707	815	115	Margaret P. Bodine
Los Angeles	616	601	98	Margaret M. Nelson
Lost River	303	248	82	Elaine Aikele
Malad	539	546½	101	Maude Y. Jensen
Maricopa	657	597	91	Muriel Freeman
Mesa	899	820	91	Lola C. White
Millard	611	507	83	Josephine M. Wadsworth
Millcreek	645	577	89	Orel A. Greenig
Minidoka	622	663	107	Idella Wilcox
Moapa	294	291½	99	Era C. Jones
Monterey Bay	276	336	122	Lena Millitt
Montpelier	739	614	83	Lola McCammon
Monument Park	377	405	107	Sara Stone
Monument Park West	598	588	98	Hazel S. Robison
Mount Graham	615	619	101	Cora B. Merrill
Mount Jordan	882	797	90	Norene Greenwood
Mount Logan	698	617½	88	Lola H. Gibbons
Mount Ogden	638	497	78	Shirley E. Wade
Mount Rubidoux	682	635	93	Hilda Peel
Murray	484	373	77	Mabell A. Smith
Murray South	632	484½	77	Beatrice M. Turner
Nampa	755	743	98	Ida N. Cafferty
Nebo	646	562	87	Leona S. Crouch
New Orleans	312	271	87	Evelyn G. Tolbert
New York	382	472	124	Thyra Stoddard
North Box Elder	627	595½	96	Etha John
North Carbon	465	368	79	Parthenia H. Rhead
North Davis	947	979	103	Thora A. Martin
North Idaho Falls	764	938	123	Eva J. Wilkins
North Jordan	371	353½	95	Vonda L. Sharp
North Pocatello	533	573	108	Tura Hadley
North Rexburg	610	609	100	Ethel K. Archibald
North Sacramento	790	602	76	LaVee L. Smith
North Seattle	502	474	94	Chelta D. Brown
North Sevier	396	356	90	Rhea Mickelsen
North Tooele	480	453	94	Mary M. McKellar

STAKES ON THE HONOR ROLL—1958

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
North Weber	646	513	79	Nellie Opheikens
Norwalk	347	377½	109	Lorraine T. Brewer
Nyssa	449	413½	92	Vonda Huntington
Oakland-Berkeley	732	697	95	Vera Weindorf
Ogden	654	589	90	Chloe F. Summerill
Olympus	320	305	95	Lydia Russell
Oneida	674	562	83	Mada M. Larsen
Oquirrh	504	603	120	Earlean W. McGee
Orange County	302	281	93	Lucille B. Peterson
Orlando	349	331	95	Ermaleta I. Reene
Palmyra	663	592	89	Paulla Willes
Palo Alto	400	402	101	Agnes K. Schwarz
Panguitch	464	427½	92	Lora Gleave
Park	767	720	94	Pearl E. Rohde
Parowan	362	303	84	Mary L. Stubbs
Pasadena	738	733	99	Vera Jean N. Jones
Phoenix	445	405	91	Florence M. Broberg
Phoenix North	404	439	109	Rose Openshaw
Pioneer	586	473	81	Rura J. Woodall
Pocatello	494	524	106	Verna Gridley
Portland	670	727	109	LaPreal Johnson
Portneuf	454	440	97	Ada L. Parris
Provo	473	497½	105	Wasel Washburn
Raft River	182	181	99	Alice O. Neddo
Redondo	738	816	111	Clarice Rentmeister
Reno	647	598	92	Pearl S. Robison
Reseda	496	514	104	Billie June Jube
Rexburg	609	810	131	Beth Moore
Richland	695	531	76	Beth H. Rowe
Rigby	778	785	101	Ruey A. Ball
Riverdale	538	477	89	Edith W. Stacy
Riverside	782	607	78	Bess Davis
Roosevelt	528	441	84	Katie Duncan
Rose Park	661	620	94	Marjorie J. Peck
Sacramento	527	507	96	Arvilla Sorensen
St. George	884	770	87	Agnes S. Pickett
St. Johns	455	392	86	Glenda Pulsipher
St. Joseph	578	585¼	101	Nira P. Lee
St. Louis	145	164	113	Louise Varone
Salmon River	198	168	85	Anna Young
Salt Lake	813	694	85	Frances L. Kooyman
San Antonio	245	195	80	Gladys Bremer
San Bernardino	649	661	102	Valeen M. Jolley
San Diego	567	622	110	Betty Hancock
San Diego East	488	500½	103	Julia Jenkins
San Fernando	599	621	104	Cleo Hupp
San Francisco	496	508	102	Gertrude P. Terry
San Joaquin	605	695	115	Elizabeth Miller
San Juan	655	506	77	Anne B. Porter
San Luis	487	420	86	Opal McDaniel
San Luis Obispo	193	147	76	Clara J. Nelson
San Mateo	456	362	79	Harriet S. Zeitschel
Santa Ana	387	395	102	Elvira Bollschweiler
Santa Monica	854	833	98	Jane Jamison
Santa Rosa	475	448	94	Edna Harris
Seattle	491	550	112	Laura C. Bronner
Sevier	842	805	96	Louise B. Sampson
Sharon	578	522	90	Norma Dee Jameson
Shelley	689	793	115	Merle Young
Smithfield	685	518	76	Maud Goodsell
Snowflake	645	485	75	Adele H. Ballard

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
South Bear River	585	577	99	Dorothy B. Kerr
South Blackfoot	593	529	89	Agnes Cox
South Box Elder	658	688	105	Naomi P. Larkin
South Carolina	495	389	79	Blanche Stuckey
South Davis	609	522	86	Gwen M. Horsley
South Idaho Falls	750	801	107	Violet K. Jaussi
South Los Angeles	1197	2657	222	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
South Ogden	404	343	85	Virginia P. Jensen
South Salt Lake	901	943	105	Hannah Dietrich
South Summit	425	394	93	Susie D. Andrus
Southern Arizona	324	295	91	Maud Post
Spanish Fork	630	573½	91	Virginia W. Gardner
Spokane	472	400	85	Pauline Bastian
Springville	526	460	87	Donetta H. Anthon
Star Valley	710	626	88	Dorothy L. Worthen
Sugar House	883	883	100	Nellie J. Ehlers
Tacoma	654	665	102	Nettie Blake
Taylor	660	693	105	Ruth S. Hovey
Taylorsville	285	255	89	Paula G. Wilson
Temple View	770	759½	99	Mabel E. Snow
Teton	496	416	84	Audrey Cordon
Timpanogos	738	614	83	Vera Matthews
Tooele	458	405	88	Jewel Halgren
Tucson	447	394	88	Belva Jones
Twin Falls	821	825	100	Hazel W. Stevens
Uintah	456	468	103	Stella Sadlier
Union	512	512½	100	Mar Jean Westerfield
University	561	498½	88	Maud W. Johnson
Utah	544	411½	76	Bertha R. Memmott
Uvada	302	256	85	Vera Rowley
Valley View	475	442	93	Dorie N. Walton
Virginia	330	285	86	Cassandra L. Waddoups
Walnut Creek	531	441	83	Barbara B. Green
Wasatch	723	688	95	Leda Titus
Washington	668	613	92	Mary E. Stimpson
Wayne	321	249	78	LaVird W. Balle
Weber	777	588	76	Florence W. Wright
Weber Heights	387	409	107	Virgie P. Jensen
Weiser	510	505	99	Irene H. Winegar
Wells	864	845	98	Edith H. Koelliker
West Boise	542	540½	100	Myrtle B. Oborn
West Jordan	989	807	82	Vivian Ray
West Pocatello	865	880	102	Ione G. Slaydon
West Utah	623	607	97	Edith Baum
Wilford	558	557	100	Amy Gerrard
Willamette	539	457	85	Mary Ann Lamoreaux
Woodruff	528	536	102	Naomi B. Harris
Yellowstone	810	794	98	Ida Garrett
Young	571	533	93	Iva Sterling
Yuma	278	242	87	Effie J. Nowland
Zion Park	388	355	91	Wealthy S. Heywood

MISSIONS ON THE HONOR ROLL—1958

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	*Magazine* Representative
California	466	434	93	Lela L. Udall
Canadian	627	632	101	Leah H. Lewis
Central Atlantic States	1175	898	76	Lovell W. Smith
Central States Mission	1024	959	94	Peggy B. Sears
East Central States	895	692	77	Marie C. Richards
Eastern States	1194	1061	89	Florence S. Jacobsen
Great Lakes	1084	934	86	Vonda H. Christensen
Gulf States	503	395	79	Emma A. Hanks
New England	770	660	86	Alberta S. Baker
North Central States	593	497	84	Diana F. Child
Northern California	550	557	101	Hazel S. Love
Northern States	1065	885	83	Vera C. Stratford
Northwestern States	928	942	102	Effie K. Driggs
West Central States	926	846	91	Lucille R. Mills
Western Canadian	653	559	86	Lila A. Arave
Western States	618	707	114	Daisy R. Romney

When Deserts Bloom in Arizona

Ruth H. Chadwick

The rains had come to bathe the desert land
And soothe and quench the burning pangs of thirst.
The cooling raindrops washed the barren sand
And gave new life to dying things they nursed.
Revived, the plants in grateful recompense
Stirred the inner powers God gave to them—
Creation's need impelling confidence
To bring forth flower and seed upon the stem.
The white-belled yuccas raised their hooded heads
While yellow-misted Palo Verde trees,
Beside the plumes of ocotillo reds,
Wafted desert sweetness on the breeze.
The rains again had triumphed over gloom;
A glorious sight—the desert was in bloom!

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions.*

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Mona H. Kirkham

COLUMBIA RIVER STAKE (OREGON), PORTLAND SIXTH WARD, PRESENTS "SOME PURITAN WOMEN" FOR LITERATURE LESSON

Left to right: Margaret Garlock, representing Mary Rowlandson; Elita Lind as Sarah Kemble Knight; Barbara Gilbert as Anne Hutchinson; Sharon Sims as Anne Bradstreet.

Mona H. Kirkham, President, Columbia River Stake Relief Society, reports: "Costumes were made by the sisters, and the program was conducted by having the sisters interviewed so as to bring in their biographies, and then each one gave some of the poetry written by the Puritan woman she represented. We were happy to have Sharon Sims representing Anne Bradstreet. She was the model who posed for the painting of Anne Bradstreet which comes in the Brigham Young University literature packet for this year. Sharon is a convert to the Church and lives in our stake. She is active in Relief Society and was glad to wear her beautiful turquoise silk dress which was used in the original painting. The literature leader in the Sixth Ward is Lorraine Silcox, and the stake literature leader is Ruth S. Smith."

Photograph submitted by Hazel S. Love

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, MENDOCINO DISTRICT SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR DISTRICT CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Mission Relief Society President Agnes Mae Pace; Clara Wolfe; Jeanette Allen; Jean D. Porter; Hazel S. Love, President, Northern California Mission Relief Society; Katherine Davis; Grace Jones; Melba Scalmanini; Alma Grover.

Second row, left to right: Mildred Cloud; Phyllis Southwick; Donna Gardner; Lucy Shupe; LaVaun Kinderknecht; Esther Mason; Lenna Hill; Pearl Evans; Lee March.

Third row, left to right: Anna Sundman; Eloise Lewis; Ida Middleton; Elsie Christensen; Almida Britton.

Sister Love reports: "This picture was taken at the last District Conference held in the Mendocino District. At this conference the Singing Mothers furnished all the music for the conference and, although this district is small, they did an outstanding job, and we were very proud of them."

Photograph submitted by Gwen J. Miner

LOGAN STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, November 23, 1958

Front row, left to right, in dark dresses: Mira Baker, violinist; Agusta Bailey, conductor; Alta Robinson, pianist; Virginia Rigby, organist.

Second row, third from the left: Mildred Meikle, Second Counselor, Logan Stake Relief Society.

Back row, seventeenth from the left: Lorna Bingham, Stake Secretary-Treasurer; eighteenth from the left: Gwen Miner, President, Logan Stake Relief Society.

Sister Miner reports: "This chorus, made up of ninety-seven members from the Singing Mothers groups from the wards, furnished music for both sessions of the Logan Stake Quarterly Conference, held November 23d. The chorus was directed by the stake Relief Society chorister Agusta Bailey, with stake organist Alta Robinson at the piano."

Photograph submitted by Blanche S. George

MILLARD STAKE (UTAH), FILLMORE SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY SEWING CLASS

Left to right: Ilene Cooper, President; Lona Huntsman; Ulala Mace; Gladys Warner; Mae Davies; Hortense Peterson; Leona Rickenbach, First Counselor and instructor in sewing; Ireta Bartholomew.

Absent when the picture was taken were Nellie Lambert, Laura Phelps, Judy Melville, and Beth Whatcott.

Blanche S. George, President, Millard Stake Relief Society, reports: "The eight women pictured above are beaming with satisfaction after completion of a sewing course in the Fillmore Second Ward Relief Society. Classes started Monday morning, January 26th, 1959, and continued through the week, with some of the women finishing up that week. Sister Rickenbach, the instructor, gave much valuable assistance in mastering the basic steps in sewing that were incorporated into a new 'Sunday dress' which each woman completed. The women were so pleased with their handiwork that already they are talking about another class."

Photograph submitted by Laura Shimp

SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RETIRING PRESIDENT ROSE B. ASTLE HONORED AT RECEPTION AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS OF LEADERSHIP

Left to right: Rose B. Astle, retiring President; Laura Shimp, former First Counselor, now newly appointed President; Alta Davis, former Second Counselor, now First Counselor; Cula Magnussen, former Secretary-Treasurer, and now newly appointed Secretary-Treasurer.

Sister Shimp reports: "In honor of the thirteen years of outstanding and devoted leadership of Rose B. Astle, a delightful reception was held at the South Los Angeles Stake Center by the Relief Society Stake Board members. In the receiving line with Sister Astle were Laura Shimp, May Hodge (also a counselor for nine years); Alta Davis, and Dorothy Rasmussen. The motif was the rose; gorgeous bouquets graced the lounge. Refreshments were served to more than two hundred callers. A book of memories, called "Petals of the Past" was presented to Sister Astle by her last board members. Featured in the book were individual photos, each mounted on a rose, of the six counselors, two secretaries, and thirty-four board members, and sixty-eight ward presidents who served during the fruitful years that Sister Astle served as stake Relief Society president. Sister Astle has always been an ardent Church worker, always willing to go the extra mile. A sincere tribute for her untiring service was beautifully expressed by William Noble Waite, former stake president, under whom she served for many years."

The Temple

Winona F. Thomas

The temple stands in glory on a hill
Where its beneficence endows my soul
With myriad blessings that I might fulfill
My God-set mission and my self-set goal.

The Silver Leash

(Continued from page 324)

about, Atlast barking at their heels. After a few minutes, Connie scolded him.

"Nobody can pack with all that noise. Now I want you to be a good dog. I'm going to put on your leash." She slipped on his collar, fastened the leash and, as usual, he jerked it from her hands and went scampering across the patio.

His leash tangled in the wheels of Herb's chair. The little dog was terrified to find it flying after him down the long slope. He ran faster in spite of Connie's cries.

They watched in horror as the chair made its swift descent towards the busy highway. Gladys screamed shrilly and covered her eyes. It seemed eons before Joel, racing after the reeling chair, caught and stopped it. Atlast, free of the spinning wheels, returned penitently to Connie's side.

LaRue found her face streaked with remorseful tears. "Oh, Herb, it was my fault. I shouldn't have made you come. I. . . ."

He quieted her with a gentle gesture as Connie flung her arms about his neck, crying: "Ah, Daddy, I'm so glad you're all right. I love you so much." She kissed him tenderly.

Erma kissed him, too, shyly. Joel shook hands in a fine, grown up manner, which made his father's face glow with pride.

He circled them in his arms. "I love you, too, my darlings."

It was a simple statement, but it held more than words could express. He lifted his head and met Dr. Alan's eyes. "A few minutes ago

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I would have given my life to walk. I'm no longer afraid. My children need me. I'll go to the hospital whenever you say."

LaRue could feel Herb's love binding his children closer. She rememberd that Amelia had said that love could never die. Amelia's love lived within her children. Herb had found it again. He would never be lonely, alone. He was unafraid. . . .

(To be continued)

Spring's Golden Web

Grace Ingles Frost

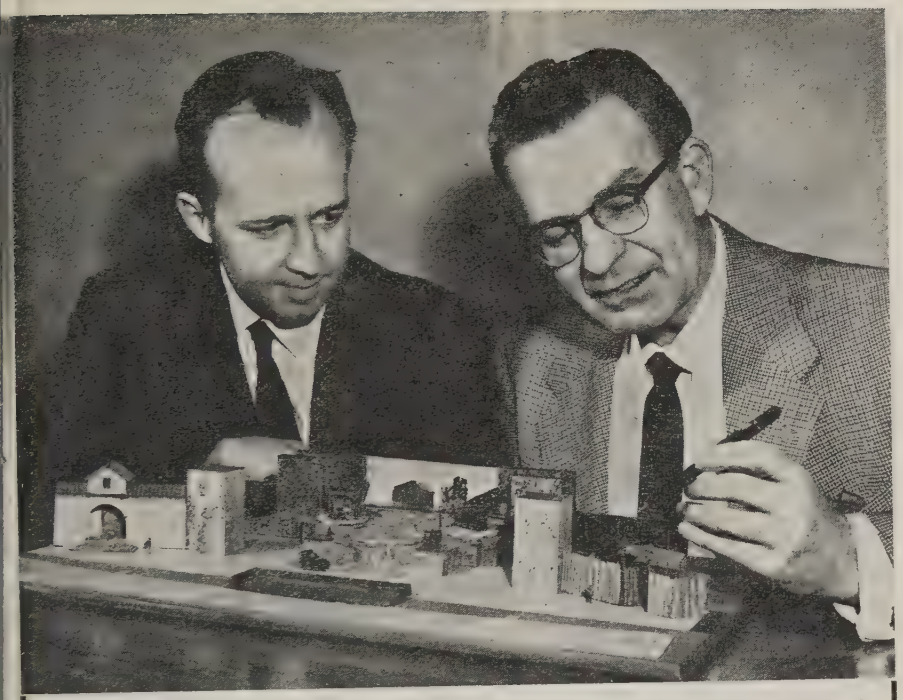
Spring has woven a golden web
And spread it over earth;
It matters not which way I look,
Of it, there is no dearth.

All that was lost of loveliness,
To winter's chill embrace,
Is re-endowed with beauty
By spring's effulgent grace.

Sun in Bloom

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Oh, do you know the Doronicum—
The early daisy that holds the sun
Of all the goldenness born of petal,
Of summer sun, and precious metal,
Its gleaming radii purest yellow?
Uncertain air is bound to mellow,
And every corner the daffodils
Have left unsunned this daisy fills
With radiant rising suns of gold
Till spring is set in a sunny mold.



Dr. Crawford Gates, composer, and Dr. Harold I. Hansen, director, study model of gigantic stage.

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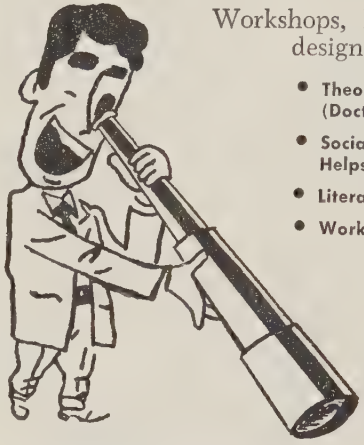

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Temple Marriage

Ann Barber Fletcher

Who can say this love we share,
Like winged bird, transcending sight,
Ephemeral, like starry night,
Will linger briefly, then take flight?
He who lifts his hand and sows
Looks to harvest what he grows!
Death the end of everything?
Of poets' words and songs to sing?
Of laughing child; of swift embrace,
And happiness upon the face?
We planned for more than fettered wing,
Or faded flower, or parting sting.
Because we placed our trust in thee,
We saw beyond mortality,
And looked to span eternity!

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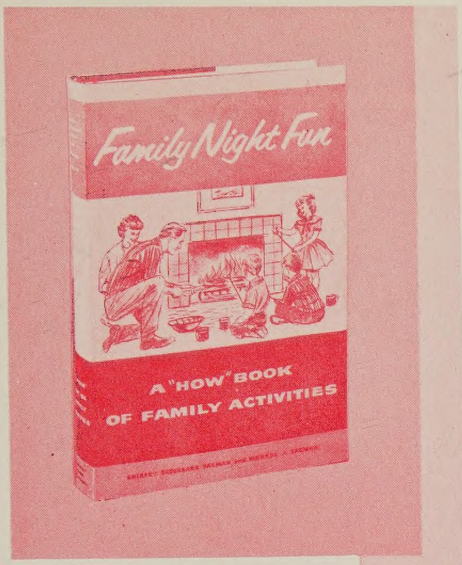

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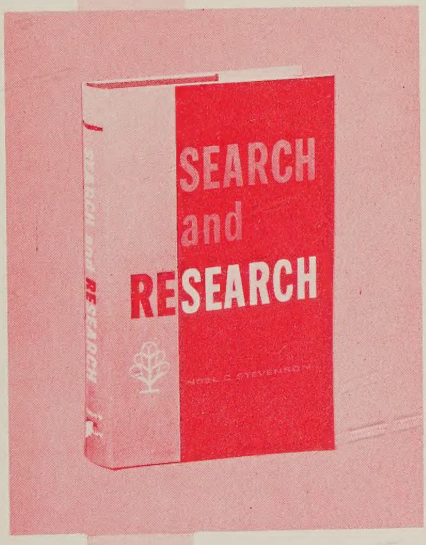

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